



ROBERT BURNS.



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P O E M S,

CHIEFLY IN THE

SCOTTISH DIALECT.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

K

D U B L I N:

PRINTED FOR WILLIAM GILBERT,
GREAT GEORGE'S-STREET.

M,DCC,XC:



DEDICATION.

TO THE
NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN
OF THE
CALEDONIAN HUNT.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

*A SCOTTISH Bard, proud of the
name, and whose highest ambition is to sing
in his Country's service, where shall he so
properly look for patronage as to the illustrious
Names of his Native Land; those who bear
the honours and inherit the virtues of their*

A 2

Ancestors?

Ancestors?—The Poetic Genius of my Country found me as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha—at the plough; and threw her inspiring mantle over me. She bade me sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes and rural pleasures of my natal Soil, in my native tongue: I tuned my wild, artless notes, as she inspired.—She whispered me to come to this ancient metropolis of Caledonia, and lay my Songs under your honoured protection: I now obey her dictates.

Though much indebted to your goodness, I do not approach you, my Lords and Gentlemen, in the usual stile of dedication, to thank you for past favours; that path is so hackneyed by prostituted Learning, that honest Rusticity is ashamed of it.—Nor do I present this Address with the venal soul of a servile Author, looking for a continuation of those favours: I was bred to the Plough, and am independent. I come to claim the
common

common Scottish name with you, my illustrious Countrymen; and to tell the world that I glory in the title.—I come to congratulate my Country, that the blood of her ancient heroes still runs uncontaminated; and that from your courage, knowledge, and public spirit, she may expect protection, wealth, and liberty.—In the last place, I come to proffer my warmest wishes to the Great Fountain of Honour, the Monarch of the Universe, for your welfare and happiness.

When you go forth to waken the Echoes, in the ancient and favourite amusement of your Forefathers, may Pleasure ever be of your party; and may Social-joy await your return! When harrassed in courts or camps with the jostlings of bad men and bad measures, may the honest consciousness of injured Worth attend your return to your native Seats; and may Domestic Happiness, with a smiling welcome, meet you at your gates! May

*Corruption shrink at your kindling indignant
glance ; and may tyranny in the Ruler, and
licentiousness in the People, equally find you
an inexorable foe !*

I have the honour to be,

*With the sincerest gratitude and highest
respect,*

My LORDS and GENTLEMEN,

Your most devoted humble servant,

ROBERT BURNS

EDINBURGH,

April 4, 1787.

7 JY 65

*Extract from the LOUNGER, No. 97,
lately published in Edinburgh.*

“**R**OBERT BURNS, an Ayrshire Ploughman, whose Poems were some time ago published in a country town in the West of Scotland, with no other ambition, it would seem, than to circulate among the inhabitants of the county where he was born, to obtain a little fame from those who had heard of his talents—It is to be hoped, I do not assume too much, if I endeavour to place him in a higher point of view ; to call for a verdict of his country on the merit of his works, and to claim for him those honours which their excellencies appear to deserve.

“ In mentioning the circumstance of his humble station, I mean not to rest his pretensions solely on that title, nor to urge the
merits

merits of his poetry when considered in relation to the lowness of his birth, and the little opportunity of improvement which his education could afford : These particulars, indeed, might excite our wonder at his productions ; but his poetry, considered abstractedly, and without the apologies arising from his situation, seems fully entitled to command our feelings, and to obtain our applause..

“ It is not my intention to point out the various beauties interspersed in the following poems ; the candid and discerning reader will easily perceive, with what uncommon penetration and sagacity this Heaven-taught Ploughman, from his humble and unlettered station, has looked up on men and manners.

“ BURNS possesses the spirit as well as the fancy of a poet. That honest pride and independence of soul, which are sometimes the Muse’s only dower, break forth

every occasion in his works. It may be, then, I shall wrong his feelings, while I indulge my own, in calling the attention of the public to his situation and circumstances. That condition, humble as it was, in which he found content, and wooed the Muse, might not have been deemed uncomfortable; but grief and misfortune have reached him there; and one or two of his poems hint, what I have learned from some of his countrymen, that he has been obliged to form the resolution of leaving his native land, to seek under a West-Indian clime, that shelter and support which Scotland has denied him. But this I trust means may be found to prevent this resolution from taking place; and that I do my country no more than justice, when I suppose her ready to stretch out her hand to cherish and retain this native poet, whose "*wood-notes wild*," possesses so much excellence.

"To repair the wrongs of suffering or neglected merit; to call forth genius from the

the obscurity in which it had pined indignant, and place it where it may profit or delight the World; these are exertions which give to wealth an enviable superiority; to greatness and to patronage, a laudable pride."

7 JY 65

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P O E M S,

CHIEFLY

S C O T T I S H,

T H E

T W A D O G S,

A T A L E.

'T WAS in that place o' Scotland's isle,
That bears the name of *Auld King Coil*,
Upon a bonie day in June,
When wearing thro' the afternoon,
Twa Dogs, that were na thrang at hame,
Forgather'd ance upon a time.

The first I'll name, they ca'd him *Cesar*,
Was keepit for his Honor's pleasure;

B

His hair, his fize, his mouth, his lugs,
 Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs,
 But whalpit some place far abroad,
 Where sailors gae to fish for Cod.

His locked, letter'd, braw brads collar
 Shew'd him the gentleman and scholar;
 But though he was o' high degree,
 The sient a pride na pride had he,
 But wad hae spent an hour caressin,
 Ev'n wi' a tinkler-gypsy's messin:
 At kirk or market, mill or smiddie,
 Nae tawted tyke, tho' e'er fae duddie,
 But he wad stan't, as glad to see him,
 An' stroan't on stanes an' hillocks wi' him,

The tither was a ploughman's collic,
 A rhyming, ranting, raving billie,
 Wha for his friend and comrade had him,
 And in his freaks had *Luath* ca'd him,
 After some dog in Highland sang*,
 Was made lang syne, Lord knows how lang.

He was a gash an' faithfu' tyke,
 As ever lap a sheugh or dike.
 His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face,
 Ay gat him friends in ilka place;
 His breast was white, his touzie back
 Weel clad wi coat o' glossy black;

* Cuchullian's dog in Ossian's Fingal.

His gaucie tail, wi' upward curl,
Hung owre his hurdies wi' a swirl.

Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither,
An' unco pack an' thick thegither;
Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd and snowkit;
Whyles mice and moudieworts they howkit;
Whyles scour'd awa in lang excursion,
An' worry'd ither in diversion;
Till tir'd at last wi' mony a farce,
They fat them down upon their a—,
An' there began a lang digression
About the *lords o' the creation*.

C Æ S A R.

I've often wonder'd, honest *Luath*,
What fort o' life poor dogs like you have;
An' when the gentry's life I saw,
What way poor bodies liv'd ava.

Our Laird gets in his racked rents,
His coals, his kain, an' a' his stents:
He rises when he likes himsel;
His flunkies answer at the bell;
He ca's his coach; he ca's his horse;
He draws a bonie filken purse
Aslang's my tail, whare, thro' the flecks,
The yellow letter'd Geordie keeks.

Frae morn to e'en it's nought but toiling,
 At baking, roasting, frying, boiling ;
 An' tho' the gentry first are fleechin,
 Yet ev'n the ha' folk fill their pechan
 Wi' sause, ragouts, an' sic like trashtrie,
 That's little short o' downright wastrie.
 Our Whipper-in, wee, blastit wonner,
 Poor, worthless elf, 'it eats a dinner,
 Better than ony tenant man
 His Honor has in a' the lan';
 An' what poor cot-folk pit their paunch in,
 I own it's past my comprehension.

L U A T H.

Trowth, Cæsar, whyles they're fash't enough ;
 A cotter howkin in a sheugh,
 Wi' dirty flanes biggin a dyke,
 Boring a quarry, an' sic like,
 Himself, a wife, he thus sustains,
 A smytte o' wee duddie weans,
 An' nought but his han' darg, to keep
 Them right an' tight in thack an' rape.

An' when they meet wi' fair disasters,
 Like loss o' health or want o' masters,
 Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer,
 An' they maun starve o' cauld an' hunger :
 But how it comes, I never kend yet,
 They're maistly wonderfu' contented ;

An' buid'y chieles, an' clever hizzies,
Are bred in sic a way as this is.

C Æ S A R.

But then, to see how ye'es negleckit,
How huff'd, an' scuff'd, an' disrespeckit !
L—d, man, our gentry care as little
For delvers, ditchers, an' sic cattle ;
They gang as faucy by poor folk,
As I wad by a stinking brock.

I've notic'd on our Laird's court-day,
An' mony a time my heart's been wae,
Poor tenant bodies, scant o' cash,
How they maun thole a factor's snash ;
He'll stamp an' threaten, curse an' swear,
He'll apprehend them, poind their gear ;
While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble,
An' hear it a', an' fear an' tremble !

I see how folk live that hae riches ;
But surely poor folk maun be wretches !

L U A T H.

They're no fae wretched's ane wad think ;
Tho' constantly on poortith's brink,
They're fae accustom'd wi' the fight,
The view o't gies them little fright.

Then chance and fortune are sae guided,
 They're ay in lefs or mair provided ;
 An' tho' fatigu'd wi' close employment,
 A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment.

The dearest comfort o' their lives,
 Their grushie weans an' faithfu' wives ;
 The prattling things are just their pride,
 That sweetens a' their fire-side.

An' whyles twalpennie worth o' nappy
 Can mak the bodies unco happy ;
 They lay aside their private cares,
 To mind the Kirk and State affairs ;
 They'll talk o' patronage an' priests,
 Wi' kindling fury i' their breasts,
 Or tell what new taxation's comin,
 An' ferlie at the folk in *Lon'on*.

As bleak-fac'd Hallowmas returns,
 They get the jovial ranting Kirns,
 When *rural life*, of ev'ry station,
 Unite in common recreation ;
 Love blinks, Wit flaps, an' social Minth
 Forgets there's Care upo' the earth.

That merry day the year begins,
 They bar the door on frosty wins ;

The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,
 An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam;
 The luntin pipe, an' sneeshin mill
 Are handed round wi' right guid will;
 The canty auld folks crackin crouse,
 The young anes ranting thro' the house,
 My heart has been fae fain to see them,
 That I for joy hae barkit wi' them.

Still it's owre true that ye hae said,
 Sic game is now owre aften play'd;
 There's monie a creditable flock
 O' decent, honest, fawfont folk,
 Are riven out baith root an' branch,
 Some rascals pridesu' greed to quench;
 Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster
 In favour wi' some gentle Master,
 Wha ablins thrang a parliamentin,
 For Britain's guid his faul indentin —

C Æ S A R.

Haith, lad, ye little kin about it;
 For *Britain's guid!* guid faith! I doubt it.
 Say, rather, gaun as *Premiers* lead him,
 An' saying *aye* or *no's* they bid him:
 At Operas an' Plays parading,
 Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading:
 Or maybe, in a frolic daft
 To *Hague* or *Calais* taks a waft,

To mak a tour an' tak a whirl,
To learn *bon ton* an' see the worl'.

There, at *Vienna* or *Versailles*,
He rives his father's auld entails ;
Or by *Madrid* he takes the rout,
To thrum guittars an' fecht wi' nowt ;
Or down Italian *Vista* startles,
Wh-re-hunting amang groves o' myrtles ;
Then boufes grumlie German water,
To mak himsel look fair and fatter,
An' clear the consequential sorrows
Love-gifts of carnival Signioras.

For *Britain's* guid ! for her destruction !
Wi' dissipation, feud an' faction :

L U A T H.

Hech man ! dear firs ! is that the gate
They waste sae mony a braw estate !
Are we sae foughten and haras'd
For gear to gang that gate at last !

O would they stay aback frae courts !
An' please themselves wi' countra sports,
It wad for ev'ry ane be better,
The Laird, the Tenant, an' the Cotter !
For thae frank, rantin, ramblin billies,
Fient hate o' them's ill-hearted fellows ;
Except for breaking o' their timmer,
Or speaking lightly o' their Limmer,

Or shootin o' a hare or moorcock,
The ne'er-a-bit they're ill to poor folk.

But will you tell me, master *Caspar*,
Sure great folks life's a life o' pleasure?
Nae could nor hunger e'er can steer them,
The vara thought o't need na fear them.

C Æ S A R.

L—d, man, were ye but whyles whare I am,
The gentles ye wad ne'er envy 'em.

It's true, they need na starve or sweat,
Thro' Winter's cauld, or Simmer's heat;
They've nae fair wark to craze their banes,
An' fill auld age wi' grips an' granes;
But human bodies are sic fools
For a' their colleges and schools,
That when nae real ills perplex them,
They mak enow themselves to vex them;
An' ay the less they hae to sturt them,
In like proportion, less will hurt them.

A country fellow at the pleugh,
His acre's till'd, he's right enough;
A country girl at her wheel,
Her dizzen's done, she's unco weel:
But Gentlemen, an' Ladies warl,
Wi' ev'n down want o' wark are curst.
They loiter, lounging, lank, an' lazy;
Tho' deil hate ails them, yet uneasy;

Their days insipid, dull and tasteless,
 Their nights unquiet, lang, and restless.

An' ev'n their sports, their balls, an' races,
 Their galloping thro' public places,
 There's sic parade, sic pomp, an' art,
 The joy can scarcely reach the heart.

The men cast out in party matches,
 Then fowther a' in deep debauches.
 At night, they're mad wi' drink an' wh-ring,
 Nae day their life is past enduring.

The Ladies arm-in-arm in clusters,
 As great an' gracious a' as sisters;
 But hear their absent thoughts o' ither,
 They're a' run deils an' jads thegither.
 Whyles, owre the wee bit cup an' platie,
 They sip the scandal potion pretty;
 Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbit leuks,
 Pore owre the devil's pictur'd beuks;
 Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard,
 An' cheat like ony unhang'd blackguard.

There's some exceptions man an' woman;
 But this is Gentry's life in common.

By this, the sun was out o' sight,
 An' darker gloamin brought the night:

The *bum-clock* humm'd wi' lazy drone,
The kye stood rowtin i' the loan;
When up they gat an' shook their lugs,
Rejoic'd they were na *men*, but *dogs*;
An' each took aff his several way,
Resolv'd to meet some ither day.

SCOTCH DRINK.

*Gie him strong drink until he wink,
That's sinking in despair ;
An' liquor guid to fire his bluid,
That's prest wi' grief an' care :
There let him bouse an' deep carouse,
Wi' bumpers flowing o'er,
Till he forgets his loves or debts,
An' minds his griefs no more.*

SOLOMON'S PROVERBS, xxxi. 6, 7.

LET other Poets raise a fracas
'Bout vines, an' wines, an' drucken *Bacchus*,
An' crabbit names an' stories wrack us,
An' grate our lug,
I sing the juice *Scotch beer* can mak us,
In glass or jug.

O thou, my *Muse* ! guid auld *Scotch Drink* !
Whether thro' wimplin worms thou jink,
Or, richly brown, ream owre the brink,
In glorious faem,
Inspire me, till I lisp an' wink
To sing thy name !

Let husky Wheat the haughs adorn,
 An' Aits fet up their awnie horn,
 An' Pease an' Beans, at een or morn,
 Perfume the plain,
 Leeze me on thee, *John Barlicorn*;
 Thou king o' grain

On thee aft Scotland chows her cood,
 In souple scones, the wale o' food!
 Or tumbling in the boiling flood
 Wi' kail an' beef;
 But when thou pours thy strong heart's blood,
 There thou shines chief.

Food fills the wame, an' keeps us livin';
 Tho' life's a gift no worth receivin',
 When heavy-drag'd wi' pine and grievin';
 But oil'd by thee,
 The wheels o' life gaes down-hill, screevin',
 Wi' rattlin glee.

Thou clears the head o' doited Lear;
 Thou chears the heart o' drooping Care;
 Thou strings the nerves o' Labor fair,
 At's weary toil;
 Thou ev'n brightens dark Despair,
 Wi' gloomy smile.

Aft clad in maffy filler weed,
 Wi' Gentles thou crests thy heed;

Yet humbly kind, in time o' need,

The poor man's wine;

His wee drap parritch, or his bread,

Thou kitchens fine.

Thou art the life o' public haunts ;

But thee, what were our fairs and rants??

Ev'n godly meetings o' the faunts,

By thee inspir'd,

When gaping they besiege the tents,

Are doubly fir'd.

That merry night we get the corn in,

○ sweetly, then, thou reams the horn in !

Or reekin on a New-year mornin,

In cog or bicker,

An' juft a wee drap fp'ritual burn in,

An' gufty sucker!

When Vulcan gives his bellows breath,

An' Ploughmen gather wi' their graith,

O rare ! to see thee fizz an' freath,

I' th' lugget caup !

Then *Burnewin* comes on like Death

At ev'ry chap:

Nae mercy, then, for airn or steel;

The brawnie, bainie, ploughman chiel

Brings hard owrchip, wi' sturdy wheel

The strong forehammer,

Till block an' studdie ring an' reel
Wi' dinfome clamour.

When skirlin weanies see the light,
Thou maks the gossips clatter bright,
How fumbling Cuifs their Dearies slight,
Wae worth the name !
Nae howdie gets a social night,
Or plack frae them.

When neebors anger at a plea,
An' just as wud as wud can be,
How easy can the *barley-brie*
Cement the quarrel !
It's aye the cheapest Lawyer's fee
To taste the barrel.

Alake ! that e'er my Muse has reason,
To wyte her countrymen wi' treason !
But monie daily wet their weason
Wi' liquors nice,
An' hardly, in a winter season,
E'er spier their price.

Wae worth that brandy, burning trash !
Till source o' monie a pain an' brash !
Wae worth monie a poor, doylt, drucken haff
O' half his days ;
An' lends, beside, auld *Scotland's* cash
To her warst faes.

Ye Scots, wha wish auld Scotland well,
Ye chief, to you my tale I tell,
Poor, plackless devils like mysell,
It sets you ill,
Wi' bitter, dearthfu' wines to mell,
Or foreign gill.

May gravels round his blather wrench,
An' gouts torment him, inch by inch,
Wha' twists his grundle wi' a glunch
O' four disdain,
Out owre a gla's o' *Whisky Punch*
Wi' honest men!

O *Whisky*! foul o' plays an' pranks!
Accept a Bardie's gratefu' thanks!
Whan wanting thee, what tuneless cranks
Are my poor Verses!
'Thou comes——they rattle i' their ranks
At ithers's a——!

Thee *Ferintosh*! O sadly lost!
Scotland lament frae coast to coast!
Now cholic-grips, an' barkin' hoast
May kill us a';
For loyal Forbes' charter'd hoast
Is ta'en awa!

Thae curst horse-leeches o' th' Excise,
Wha mak the *whisky* *fills* their prize!

Haud up thy han' Deil! ance, twice, thrice!

There, seize the blinkers!

An' bake them up in brunstane pies

For poor d—n'd drinkers.

Fortune, if thou'll but gie me still

Hale breeks, a scone, an' *whisky* gill,

An' rowth o' rhyme to rave at will,

Tak' a' the rest,

An' deal't about as thy blind skill

Directs thee best.

THE AUTHOR'S
EARNEST CRY AND PRAYER*,

*To the Right Honourable and Honourable, the Scotch
Representatives in the House of Commons.*

*Dearest of Distillation ! last and best !
— How art thou lost ! —*

PARODY ON MILTON.

YE Irish Lords, ye Knights an' Squires,
Wha *represent* our brouchs an' shires,
An' doucely manage our affairs
In Parliament,
To you a simple Bardie's pray'r's
Are humbly sent.

Alas ! my roudet Muse is hearst !
Your Honour's hearts wi' grief 'twad pierce,
To see her sittin on her a—
Low i' the dust,
An' scricchen out prosaic verse,
An' like to brust !

* This was wrote before the Act anent the Scotch Distilleries, of session 1786 ; for which Scotland and the Author return their most grateful thanks.

Tell them whae hae the chief direction,
 Scotland an' me's in great affliction,
 Her sin' they laid that curst restriction,
 On *Aquavita*;
 An' rouse them up to strong conviction,
 An' move their pity.

Stand forth, an' tell yon *Premier Youth*.
 The honest open, naked truth;
 Tell him o' mine an' Scotland's drouth,
 His servants humble;
 The muckle devil blaw ye south,
 If ye dissemble!

Does ony great man glunch an' gloom?
 Speak out an' never fash your thumb!
 Let posts an' pensions sink or foam.
 Wi' them wha grant 'em:
 If honestly they canna come,
 Far better want 'em.

In gath'rin votes, you were na slack;
 Now stand as tightly by your tack:
 Neer claw your lug, an' fidge your back,
 An' hum an' haw,
 But raise your arm, an' tell your crack
 Before them a'.

Paint Scotland greetin owre her thrissle
 Her mutchkin-soup as toom's a whistle;

An' tell them, wi' a patriot heat,

Ye winna bear it!

Some o' you nicely ken the laws,

To round the period an' pause,

An' with rhetoric clause on clause

To mak harangues;

Then echo thro' Saint Stephen's wa's

Auld Scotland's wrangs.

Dempster, a true-blue Scot I'se warren;

Thee, aith-detesting, chaste *Kilkerran*;

An' that glib-gabbet *Highland Baron*,

The Laird o' *Graham*;

An' anc, a chap that's d-mn'd auldfarran,

Dundas his name.

Erskine, a spunkie Norlane billie;

True *Campbell's*, *Frederick* an' *Ilay*;

An' *Livistone*, the bauld *Sir Willie*;

An' monie ithers,

Whom auld *Demosthenes* or *Tully*

Might own for brithers.

Arouse, my boys! exert your mettle,

To get auld Scotland back her *kettle*!

Or faith! I'll wad my new pleugh-pettle,

Ye'll see't or lang,

She'll teach you, wi' a reekin whittle,

Another fang.

This while she's been in crankous mood,
 Her *lost Militia* fir'd her bluid;
 (Deil na they never mair do guid,
 Play'd her that pliskie!)
 An' now she's like to rin red-wud
 About her Whisky.

An' L——d, if ance they pit her till't,
 Her tartan petticoat she'll kilt,
 An' durk an' pistol at her belt,
 She'll tak the streets,
 And rin her whittle to the hilt,
 I' th' first she meets!

For G-d sake, Sirs! then speak her fair,
 An' straik her cannie wi' the hair,
 An' to the muckle house repair,
 Wi' instant speed,
 An' strive, wi' a' your Wit an' Lear,
 To get remead.

Yon ill tongu'd tinkler, *Charlie Fox*,
 May taunt you wi' his jeers an' mocks;
 But gie him't het, my hearty cocks!
 E'en cove the cadie!
 An' send him to his dicing box
 An' sportin lady.

Tell yon guid bluid o' auld *Boconnock's*,
 I'll be his debt twa mashlum bonnocks,

An' drink his health in auld *Nanse Tinocks* *

Nine times a week,

Like some scheme, like tea an' Winnocks,

Wad kindly seek.

Could he some *commutation* broach,

He pledge my aith in gude braid Scotch,

He need na fear their foul reproach

Nor erudition,

Yen mixtie-maxtie, queer hotch potch,

The *Coalition*.

Auld Scotland has a raucle tongue ;

She's just a devil wi' a rung ;

An' if she promise auld or young

To tak their part,

Tho' by the neck she should be strung,

Shell no desert.

An' now, ye chosen *Five-and-Forty*,

May still your mother's heart support ye ;

Even tho' a Minister grow dorty,

An' kick your place,

Will snap your fingers, poor an' hearty,

Before his face.

God bless your Honors, a' your days,

Flowps o' kail an' brats o' claife,

A worthy old Hostess of the Author's in *Mauchline*,

He sometimes studies Politics over a glass of gude auld

Drink.

In spite o' a' the thievish kaes

That haunt St. *Jamie's*!

Your humble Bardie sings an' prays

While *Rab* his name is.

P O S T S C R I P T.

Let half-starv'd slaves in warmer skies

See future wines, rich-clust'ring, rise;

Their lot auld Scotland ne'er envies,

But blyth and frisky,

She eyes her freeborn, martial boys

Tak aff their Whisky.

What tho' their Phœbus kinder warms,

While Fragrance blooms and Beauty charms!

When wretches range, in famish'd swarms,

The scented groves,

Or hounded forth, dishonor arms

In hungry droves.

Their gun's a burthen on their shoulder!

They downa bide the stink o' powther;

Their bauldest thought's a hank'ring swither

To stan' or rin,

Till skelp—a shot—they're aff, a' throwther,
To save their skin.

But bring a *Scotchman* frae his hill,
Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,
Say, such is royal *George's* will,
An' there's the foe,
He has nae thought but how to kill
Twa at a blow.

Nae cauld, faint-hearted doubtings tease him ;
Death comes, wi' fearless eye he sees him ;
Wi' bluidy han' a welcome gies him :
An' when he fa's,
His latest draught o' breathin lea'es him
In faint huzzas.

Sages their solemn een may seek,
An' raise a philosophic reek,
An' physically causes seek,
In clime an' season,
But tell me *Whisky's* name in Greek,
I'll tell the reason.

Scotland, my auld, respected Mither !
Tho' whyles ye moistify your leather,
Till whare ye fit, on craps o' heather,
Ye tine your dam ;
Freedom and *Whisky* gang thegither,
Tak aff your dram !
C

T H E
H O L Y F A I R*.

*A robe of seeming truth and trust
Hid crafty observation ;
And secret hung, with poison'd crust,
The dirk of Defamation :
A mask that like the gorget show'd,
Dye-varying on the pigeon ;
And for a mantle large and broad,
He wrapt him in Religion.*

HYPOCRISY A-LA-MODE.

I,

U P O N a simmer Sunday morn,
When Nature's face is fair,
I walked forth to view the corn,
An' snuff the caller air,
The rising sun, owre *Galsion* muirs,
Wi' glorious light was glintin ;
The hares were hirplin down the furs,
The lav'rocks they were chantin
Fu' sweet that day,

Holy Fair is a common phrase in the West of Scotland for
a sacramental occasion.

As lightfomely I glowr'd abroad,
 To see a scene sae gay,
 Three Hizzies, early at the road,
 Came skelpin up the way.
 Twa had manteeles o' dolefu' black,
 But ane wi' lyart lining ;
 The third, that gaed a wee a-back,
 Was in the fashion shining
 Fu' gay that day.

III.

The *twa* appear'd like sisters twin,
 In feature, form, an' claes ;
 Their visage wither'd, lang an' thin,
 An' four as ony slaes :
 The *third* cam up, hap-step-an'-loup,
 As light as ony lambie,
 An' w' a curchie low did stoop,
 As soon as e'er she saw me,
 Fu' kind that day.

IV.

W' Bonnet aff, quoth I, ' Sweet lass,
 I think ye seem to ken me ;
 I'm sure I've seen that bonie face,
 But yet I canna name ye.'
 Quo' she, an' laughin as she spak,
 An' taks me by the hauns,
 For my sake, hae gi'n the feck
 Of a' the ten commauns
 ' A screed some day,

V.

‘ My name is *Fun*—your cronie dear,
 ‘ The nearest friend ye hae ;
 ‘ An’ this is *Superstition* here,
 ‘ An’ that’s *Hypocrisy*.
 ‘ I’m gaun to ***** *Holy fair*,
 ‘ To spend an hour in daffin :
 ‘ Gin ye’ll go there, yon runkl’d pair,
 ‘ We will get famous laughin
 ‘ At them this day.’

VI.

Quoth I, ‘ With a’ my heart, I’ll do’t,
 ‘ I’ll get my Sunday’s fark on,
 ‘ An’ meet you on the holy spot ;
 ‘ Faith we’s’e hae fine remarkin’ !’
 Then I gaed hame at crowdie-time,
 An’ soon I made me ready ;
 For roads were clad, frae side to side,
 Wi’ monie a wearie body,
 In droves that day.

VII.

Here, farmers gash, in ridin graith,
 Gaed hoddin by their cotters ;
 There, swankies young, in braw braid-claith,
 Are springing owre the gutters,
 The lassies, skelpin barefit, thrang,
 In silks an’ scarlets glitter ;
 Wi’ *sweet-milk cheese*, in monie a whang,
 An’ *farls*, bak’d wi’ butter,
 Fu’ crump that day.

VIII.

When by the *plate* we set our nose,
 Weel heaped up wi' ha'pence,
 A greedy glowr Black Bonnet throws,
 An' we maun draw our tippence.
 Then in we go to see the show,
 On every side they're gath'rin;
 Some carryin dails, some chairs an' stools,
 An' some are busy bleth'rin
 Right loud that day.

IX.

Here stands a shed to send the show'rs,
 An' screen our countra Gentry,
 There, *racer Jests*, an' twa-three wh—ies,
 Are blinkin at the entry,
 Here sits a raw o' tittling jads,
 Wi' heaving breast an' bare neck;
 An' there a batch o' wabster lads,
 Blackguarding frae K*****ck,
 For *fun* this day.

X.

Here, some are thinking on their sins,
 An' some upo' their claes;
 Ane curses feet that fyl'd his shins,
 Anither sighs an' prays:
 On this hand sits a Chosen swatch
 Wi' screw'd up, grace-proud faces;
 On that, a set o' Chaps, at watch,
 Thrang winking on the lasses
 To chairs that day.

XI.

O happy is that man, and blest !
 Nae wonder that it pride him !
 Wha's ain dear lafs, that he likes best,
 Comes clinkin down beside him !
 Wi' arm repos'd on the chair-back,
 He sweetly does compose him ;
 Which, by degrees, slips round her neck
 An's loof upon her bosom
 Unkend that day.

XII.

Now a' the congregation o'er
 Is silent expectation ;
 For ***** speels the holy door,
 Wi' tidings o' d-mn-t--n.
 Shou'd HORNIE, as in ancient days,
 'Mang sons o' G— present him,
 The vera sight o' *****'s face,
 To's ain het hame had sent him
 Wi' fright that day.

XIII.

Hear how he clears the points o' Faith,
 Wi' rattlin an' thumpin !
 Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath,
 He's stampin, an he's jumpin !
 His lengthen'd chin, his turn'd up snout,
 His eldritch squeel and gestures,
 O how they fire the heart devout
 Like cantharidian plasters,
 On sic a day !

XIV.

But hark ! the *tent* has chang'd its voice ;

There's peace an' rest nae langer ;

For a' the *real judges* rise,

They canna fit for anger.

***** opens out his cauld harangues,

On practice and on morals ;

An' aff the godly pour in thrangs,

To gie the jars an' barrels

A lift that day.

XV.

What signifies his barren shine,

Of moral pow'rs an' reason ?

His English style, an gesture fine

Are a' clean out o' season.

Like *Socrates* or *Antonine*,

Or some auld Pagan Heathen,

The moral man he does define,

But ne'er a word o' faith in

That's right that day.

XVI.

In guid time comes an antidote

Against sic poison'd nostrum ;

For *****, frae the water-fit

Ascends the holy rostrum :

See, up he's got the word o' G--,

An' meek an' mim has view'd it,

While *Common-Sense* has ta'en the road,

An' aff, an' up the *Cowgate* *

Fast, fast that day.

* Street so called, which faces the *TENT* in ———

XVII.

Wee ***** nieft, the Guard relieves,
 An' Orthodoxy raibles,
 Tho' in his heart he weel believes,
 An' thinks it auld wives' fables :
 But faith ! the birkie wants a Manse,
 So, cannilie he hums them ;
 Altho' his carnal wit an' fenfe
 Like hafflins-wife o'ercomes him

At times that day.

XVIII.

Now, butt an' ben, the Change-house fills,
 Wi' yill-caup Commentators :
 Here's crying out for bakes an' gills
 An there the pint-flowp clatters :
 While thick an' thrang, an' loud an' lang,
 Wi' Logic, an' wi' Scripture,
 They raife a din, that, in the end,
 Is like to breed a rupture

O wrath that day.

XIX.

Leeze me on Drink ! it gi'es us mair
 Than either School or College :
 It kindles Wit, it waukens Lair,
 It pangs us fou o' Knowledge.
 Be't whisky, gill or penny wheep,
 Or ony stronger potion,
 It never fails, on drinkin deep,
 To kittle up our notion,

By night or day.

XX.

The lads an' lassies, blythely bent
 To mind baith faul an' body,
 Sit round the table, weel content,
 An' steer about the toddy.
 On this ane's drefs, an' that ane's leuk
 They're makin observations;
 While some are cozie i' the neuk
 An' formin assignations

To meet some day.

XXI.

But now the L——'s ain trumpet touts,
 Till a' the hills are rairin,
 An' echos back return the shouts;
 Black ***** is na sparin:
 His piercing words, like Highlan swords,
 Divide the joints an' marrow;
 His talk o' h-ll, whare devils dwell,
 Our vera 'Sauls does harrow'

Wi' fright that day!

XXII.

A vast, unbottom'd, boundless Pit,
 Fill'd fou o' lowin brunstane,
 Wha's raging flame, an' scorching heat,
 Wad melt the hardest whun-stane!
 The half asleep start up wi' fear,
 An' think they hear it roaring,
 When presently it does appear,
 'Twas but some neebor snoaring.

Asleep that day.

* Shakespeare's Hamlet.

XXIII.

'Twad be owre lang a tale to tell
 How monie stories past, —
 An' how they crouded to the yill,
 When they were a' dismist :
 How drink gaed round, in cogs an' caups,
 Amang the furms and benches ;
 An' cheefe and bread, frae women's laps,
 Was dealt about in lunches,
 An' dawds that day.

XXIV.

In comes a gaucie, gash Guidwife,
 An' sits down by the fire,
 Syne draws her kebbuck an' her knife,
 The lasses they are shyer.
 The auld Guidmen about the Grace,
 Frae side to side they bother,
 Till some ane by his bonnet lays,
 An' gi'es them't like a tether,
 Fu' lang that day.

XXV.

Waefucks ! for him that gets nae las,
 Or lasses that hae naething !
 Sma' need has he to say a grace,
 Or melvie his braw claitthing !
 O Wives ! be mindfu' ance yoursel,
 How bonie lads ye wanted,
 An' dinna, for a kebbuck-heel,
 Let lasses be affronted
 On sic a day !

XXVI.

Now *Clinkumbell*, wi' rattlin tow,
 Begins to jow an' croon ;
 Some swagger hame the best they dow,
 Some wait the afternoon.
 At flaps the billies halt a blink,
 Till lasses strip their shoon :
 Wi' faith an' hope, an' love an drink,
 They're a' in famous tune

For crack that day-

XXVII.

How monie hearts this day converts
 O' Sinners and o' Lasses !
 Their hearts o' stane gin night are gane,
 As fast as any flesh is.
 There's some are fou o' love divine ;
 There's some are fou o' brandy ;
 An' monie jobs that day begin,
 May end in Houghmagandie
 Some ither day.

D E A T H

A N D

DOCTOR HORNBOOK.

A TRUE STORY,

SOME books are lies frae end to end,
 And some great lies were never penn'd:
 Ev'n Ministers they hae been kenn'd,
 In holy rapture,
 Great lies and nonsense baith to vend,
 And nail't wi' Scripture.

But this that I am gaun to tell,
 Which lately on a night befel,
 Is just as true 's the Deil 's in h-ll,
 Or Dublin City:
 That e'er he nearer comes oursel
 'S a muckle pity.

The Clachan yill had made me canty,
 I was na fou, but just had plenty;
 I stacher'd whyles, but yet took tent ay
 To free the ditches:
 An' hillocks, stanes, an' bushes kenn'd ay,
 Frac ghaists an' witches,

The rising Moon began to glow
 The distant *Cumnock* hills out-owre;
 To count her horns, wi' a' my pow'r
 I set myfell;
 But whether she had three or four
 I cou'd na tell.

I was come round about the hill,
 And todlin down on *Willie's mill*,
 Setting my staff wi' a' my skill,
 To keep me ficker;
 Tho' leeward whyles, against my will
 I took a bicker.

I there wi' *Something* does forgather,
 That pat me in an eerie swither;
 An' awfu' scythe, out-owre ae shouter
 Clear-dangling, hang
 A three-tae'd leister on the ither
 Lay, large an' lang,

Its stature seem'd lang Scotch ells twa,
 The queereft shape that e'er I saw,
 For fient a wame it had ava,
 And then its shanks,
 They were as thin, as sharp an' sma',
 As cheeks o' branks.

'Guid-een,' quo' I; 'Friend! hae ye been mawin,
 When ither folk are busy fawin *?'

* This rencounter happened in seed time, 1785.

It seem'd to mak a kind o' stan',

But naething spak;

At length, says I, 'Friend, whare ye gaun,

'Will ye go back?'

It spak right howe—'My name is *Death*,

'But be na' fley'd.'—Quoth I, 'Guid faith,

'Ye're maybe come to flap my breath;

'But tent me, billie;

'I red ye well, tak care o' skaith,

'See, there's a gully!'

'Gudeman,' quo' he, 'put up your whittle,

'I'm no design'd to try its mettle;

'But if I did, I wad be kittle

'To be missear'd,

'I wad na' mind it, no that spittle

Out-owre my beard.'

'Weel, weel!' says I, 'a bargain be't;

'Come, gies your hand, an' sae we're gree't,

'We'll ease our shanks an' tak a seat,

'Come, gies your news!

'This while * ye hae been mony a gate,

'At mony a house.'

'Ay, ay; quo' he, an' shook his head,

'It's e'en a lang, lang time indeed

* An epidemical fever was then raging in that country.

- ‘ Sin’ I began to nick the thread,
 ‘ An’ choke the breath :
 ‘ Folk maun do something for their bread,
 ‘ An’ fae maun *Death*.

 ‘ Sax thousand years are near hand fled
 ‘ Sin’ I was to the butchering bred,
 ‘ And mony a scheme in vain’s been laid,
 ‘ To flap or scar me ;
 ‘ Till ane Hornbook’s * ta’en up the trade,
 ‘ And faith, he’ll waur me.

 ‘ Ye ken *Jock Hornbook* i’ the Clachan,
 ‘ Deil mak his king’s-hood in a spleuchan !
 ‘ He’s grown fae weel acquaint wi’ *Buchan* †,
 ‘ And ither chaps,
 ‘ The weans haud out their fingers laughin,
 ‘ And pouk my hips.

 ‘ See, here’s a scythe, and there’s a dart,
 ‘ They hae pierc’d mony a gallant heart ;
 ‘ But Doctor *Hornbook*, wi’ his art
 ‘ And curf’d skill,
 ‘ Has made them baith no worth a f—t,
 ‘ D--n’d haet they’ll kill !

* This gentleman, Dr. Hornbook, is, professionally, a brother of the sovereign Order of the Ferula ; but, by intuition and inspiration, is at once an Apothecary, Surgeon, and Physician.

† Buchan’s Domestic Medicine.

- 'Twas but yestreen, nae farther gaen,
- I threw a noble throw at ane ;
- Wi' lefs, I'm sure, I've hundreds slain ;
 • But deil-ma-care !
- It just play'd dirl on the bane,
 • But did nae mair.
- *Hornbook* was by, wi' ready art,
- And had fae fortify'd the part,
- That when I looked to my dart,
 • It was fae blunt,
- Fient haet o't wad hae pierc'd the heart
 • Of a kail-runt.
- I drew my scythe in sic a fury,
- I nearhand cowpit wi' my hurry,
- But yet the bauld *Apothecary*
 • Withstood the shock ;
- I might as weel hae try'd a quarry
 • O' hard whin-rock.
- Ee'n them he canna get attended,
- Altho' their face he ne'er had kend it,
- Just sh— in a kail-blade and send it,
 • As soon's he smells 't,
- Baith their disease, and what will mend it,
 • At once he tells 't.
- And then a' doctor's saws and whittles,
- Of a' dimensions, shapes, an' mettles,

A' kinds o' boxes, mugs, an' bottles,
 ' He's sure to hae ;
 Their Latin names as fast he rattles
 ' As A B C.

Calces o' fossils, earths, and trees ;
 True Sal marinum o' the seas ;
 The Farina of beans and pease,
 ' He has't in plenty ;
 Aqua-fontis, what you please,
 ' He can content ye.

Forbye some new, uncommon weapons
 Urinus Spiritus of capons ;
 Or Mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings,
 ' Distill'd *per se* ;
 Sal-alkali o' Midge-tail clippings,
 ' And mony mae.'

' Waes me for *Johnny Ged's-Hole* * now,'
 Quoth I, ' if that thae news be true !
 ' His braw calf ward whare gowens grew,
 ' Sae white an' bonie,
 ' Nae doubt they'll rive it with the plew ;
 ' They'll ruin *Johnie* !

The creature grain'd an eldritch laugh,
 An' says, ' Ye needna yoke the pleugh,
 ' Kirk-yards will soon be till'd eneugh,
 ' Tak ye nae fear.

* The Grave-digger.

- ‘ They’ll a’ be trench’d wi’ mony a sheugh,
 ‘ In twa-three year,
 ‘ Where I kill’d ane, a fair strae-death,
 ‘ By los o’ blood, or want o’ breath,
 ‘ This night I’m free to tak my aith,
 ‘ That *Hornbook’s* skill
 ‘ Has clad a score i’ their last claith,
 ‘ By drap and pill.
 ‘ An honest Wabster to his trade,
 ‘ Whase wife’s twa nieves were scarce weel-bred,
 ‘ Gat tippence-worth to mend her head,
 ‘ When it was fair;
 ‘ The wife slade cannie to her bed,
 ‘ But ne’er spak mair.
 ‘ A Countra Laird had ta’en the batts,
 ‘ Or some cormurring in his guts,
 ‘ His only son for *Hornbook* sets,
 ‘ And pays him well,
 ‘ The lad, for twa guid gimmer-pets,
 ‘ Was Laird himsel.
 ‘ A bonie lass, ye kend her name,
 ‘ Some ill-brewn drink bad hov’d her wame,
 ‘ She trusts herself, to hide her shame,
 ‘ In *Hornbook’s* care;
 ‘ *Horn* sent her aff to her lang hame,
 ‘ To hide it there.

' That's just a swatch o' *Hornbook's* way,
 ' Thus goes he on from day to day,
 ' Thus does he poison, kill, an' slay,
 ' An's weel pay'd for't;
 ' Yet stops me o' my lawfu' prey,
 ' Wi' his d-mn'd dirt!

' But hark! I'll tell you of a plot,
 ' Tho' dinna ye be speakin o't;
 ' I'll nail the self-conceited Sot,
 ' As dead's a herrin:
 ' Nixt time we meet, I'll wad a groat,
 ' He gets his fairin!

But just as he began to tell,
 The auld kirk-hammer strak the bell
 Some wee short hour ayont the *twaal*,
 Which rais'd us baith:
 I took the way that pleas'd mysel,
 And sae did *Death*.

THE
B R I G S O F A Y R.
A P O E M.

*Inscribed to J. B*****, Esq. AYR.*

THE simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough,
Learning his tuneful trade from ev'ry bough;
The chanting linnet, or the mellow thrush,
Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green thorn
bush,
The soaring lark, the perching red-breast shrill,
Or deep-ton'd plovers, grey, wild-whistling o'er the
hill;
Shall he, nurs'd in the Peasant's lowly shed,
To hardy independence bravely bred,
By early poverty to hardship steel'd,
And train'd to arms in stern Misfortune's field,
Shall he be guilty of their hireling crimes,
The servile, mercenary Swifs of rhymes?
Or labour hard the panegyric clofe,
With all the venal soul of dedicating Prose?

No! though his artless strains he rudely sings,
 And throws his hand uncouthly o'er the strings,
 He glows with all the spirit of the Bard,
 Fame, honest Fame, his great, his dear reward.
 Still, if some Patron's gen'rous care he trace,
 Skill'd in the secret, to bestow with grace;
 When B***** befriends his humble name,
 And hands the rustic Stranger up to fame,
 With heart-felt throes his grateful bosom swells,
 The godlike bliss, to give, alone excels.

'Twas when the stacks get on their winter hap,
 And thack and rape secure the toil-won crap;
 Potatoe-bings are snugged up frae skaith
 Of coming Winter's biting, frosty breath;
 The Bees, rejoicing o'er their Summer-toils
 Unnumber'd buds and flow'r's delicious spoils,
 Seal'd up with frugal care in massive, waxen piles,
 Are doom'd by Man, that tyrant o'er the weak,
 The death o' devils, smoor'd wi' brimstone reek:
 The thund'ring guns are heard on ev'ry side,
 The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide;
 The feather'd field-mates, bound by Nature's tie,
 Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie:
 (What warm, poetic heart but inly bleeds,
 And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds!)
 Nae mair the flow'r in field or meadow springs;
 Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings,

}

Except perhaps the Robin's whistling glee,
Proud o' the height o' some bit half-lang tree :
The hoary morns precede the funny days,
Mild, calm, serene, wide-spreads the noon tide
blaze,

While thick the goffamour waves wanton in the
rays.

'Twas in that season, when a simple Bard
Unknown and poor, simplicity's reward,
Ae night, within the ancient brugh of *Ayr*,
By whim inspir'd, or haply prest wi' care,
He left his bed, and took his wayward rout,
And down by *Simpson's* * wheel'd the left about:
(Whether impell'd by all-directing Fate,
To witness what I after shall narrate;
Or whether, wrapt in meditation high,
He wander'd out he knew not where nor why)
The drowsy *Dungeon-clock* † had number'd two,
And *Wallace-Tow'r* † had sworn the fact was true:
The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen sounding roar
Through the still night dash'd hoarse along the shore:
All else was hush'd as Nature's closed e'e;
The silent moon shone high o'er tow'r and tree:
The chilly frost, beneath the silver beam,
Crept, gently crusting, o'er the glittering stream.—

When, lo! on either hand the lift'ning Bard,
 The clanging sough of whistling wings is heard;
 Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air,
 Swift as the *Gos* * drives on the wheeling hare;
 Ane on th' *Auld Brig* his airy shape uprears,
 The ither flutters o'er the *rising piers*:
 Our warlock Rhymer instantly descry'd
 The Sprites that o'er the *Brigs of Ayr* preside:
 (That Bards are second-sighted is nae joke,
 And ken the lingo of the sp'ritual folk;
 Fays, Spunkies, Kelpies, a', they can explain them,
 And ev'n the vera deils they brawly ken them).
Auld Brig appear'd of ancient Pictish race,
 The vera wrinkles Gothic in his face:
 He seem'd as he wi' time had wraistl'd lang,
 Yet, teughly doure, he bade an unco bang-
New Brig was buskit in a braw, new coat,
 That he, at *Lon'on*, frae ane *Adams* got;
 In's hand five taper staves as smooth's a bead,
 Wi' virls an' whirlygigums at the head.
 The Goth was stalking round with anxious searh,
 Spying the time-worn-flaws in ev'ry arch;
 It chanc'd his new-come neebor took his e'e,
 And e'en a vex'd and angry heart had he!
 Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish mien,
 He, down the water, gies him this guidceen——

* The gos-hawk, or falcon.

A U L D B R I G.

I doubt na, frien,' ye'll think ye're nae sheep-shank,
 Ance ye were streekit owre frae bank to bank!
 But gin ye be a Brig as auld as me,
 Tho' faith, that date, I doubt, ye'll never see;
 There'll be, if that day come, I'll wad a boddle,
 Some fewer whigmeleeries in your noddle.

N E W B R I G.

Auld Vandal, ye but show your little menſe,
 Juſt much about it wi' your ſcanty ſenſe;
 Will your poor narrow foot-path of a ſtreet,
 Where twa wheel-barrows tremble when they meet;
 Your ruin'd, formleſs bulk o' ſtane and lime,
 Compare wi' bonie Brigs o' modern time?
 There's men o' taſte would tak the *Ducat-ſtream**,
 Tho' they ſhould caſt the vara fark an' ſwim,
 E'er they would grate their feelings wi' the view
 Of ſic an ugly Gothic hulk as you.

A U L D B R I G.

Conceited gowk! puff'd up wi' windy pride!
 This mony a year I've ſtood the flood an' tide;
 And tho' wi' crazy eild I'm fair forfairn,
 I'll be a *Brig* when ye're a ſhapeleſs cairn!
 As yet ye little ken about the matter,
 But twa-three winters will inform ye better.

* A cted ſer), juſt above the Auld B is.

When heavy, dark, continued, a'-day rains
 Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains ;
 When from the hills where springs the brawling *Coil*,
 Or stately *Lugar's* mossy fountains boil,
 Or where the *Greenock* winds his moorland course,
 Or haunted *Garpal** draws his feeble source,
 Arous'd by blustering winds an' spotting thowes,
 In mony a torrent down the snaw-broo rowes ;
 While crashing ice, borne on the roaring speat,
 Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' brigs, a' to the gate ;
 And from *Glenbuck*†, down to *Ratton-key*‡,
 Auld *Ayr* is just one lengthen'd, tumbling sea ;
 Then down ye'll hurl, deil nor ye never rise !
 And dash the gumlie jaups up to the pouring skies.
 A lesson sadly teaching, to your cost,
 That Architecture's noble art is lost !

NEW BRIG.

Fine *architecture*, trowth, I needs must say o't !
 The L—d be thankit that we've tint the gate o't !
 Gaunt, ghastly, ghaist-alluring edifices,
 Hanging with threatening jut like precipices ;

* The Banks of *Garpal-Water* is one of the few places in the West of Scotland where those fancy-scaring beings, known by the name of *Ghaists*, still continue pertinaciously to inhabit.

† The source of the river of *Ayr*.

‡ A small landing-place above the large key.

O'er-arching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring coves,
 Supporting roofs, fantastic, stony groves :
 Windows and doors in nameless sculptures dress'd,
 With order, symmetry, or taste unblest ;
 Forms like some bedlam Statuary's dream,
 The craz'd creations of misguided whim ;
 Forms might be worshipp'd on the bended knee,
 And still the *second dread command* be free,
 Their likeness is not found on earth, in air, or sea.
 Mansions that would disgrace the building-taste
 Of any mason, reptile, bird or beast ;
 Fit only for a doited Monkish race,
 Or frosty maids forsworn the dear embrace,
 Or-Cuifs of later times, wha held the notion,
 That sullen gloom was sterling true devotion :
 Fancies that our guid Brugh denies protection,
 And soon may they expire, unblest with resurrection

A U L D B R I G.

O ye, my dear-remember'd, ancient yealings,
 Were ye but here to share my wounded feelings !
 Ye worthy *Proveses*, an' mony a *Bailie*,
 Wha in the paths o' righteousness did toil ay ;
 Ye dainty *Deacons*, an' ye douce *Conveeners*,
 To whom our moderns are but caushey-cleaners ;
 Ye godly *Councils*, wha hae blest this town ;
 Ye godly *Brethren* o' the sacred gown,
 Wha meekly gae your *burdies* to the *smiters* ;
 And (what would now be strange) ye godly *Writers*

ye douce folk I've borne aboon the broo,
 ere ye but here, what would you say or do!
 how would your spirits groan in deep vexation,
 to see each melancholy alteration;
 and, agonising, curse the time and place
 when ye begat the base, degen'rate race!
 the langer Rev'rend Men, their country's glory,
 plain braid Scots hold forth a plain braid story:
 the longer thrifty Citizens, an' douce,
 meet owre a pint, or in the Council house;
 that flaumrel, corkey-headed, graceless Gentry,]
 the herryment and ruin of the country;
 men, three-parts made by Taylors and by Barbers,
 that waste your weel hain'd gear on d—d *new Brigs*
 and *Harbours*!

NEW BRIG.

Now haud you there! for faith ye've said enough,
 and muckle mair than ye can mak to through.
 for your Priesthood, I shall say but little,
Parishes and *Clergy* are a shot right kittle:
 but, under favour o' your langer beard,
 the use o' Magistrates might weel be spar'd;
 to liken them to your auld-warld squad,
 must needs say, comparisons are odd.
 Ayr, Wag wits-nae mair can have a handle
 in mouth 'A Citizen,' a term o' scandal:
 the mair the Council waddles down the street,
 all the pomp of ignorant conceit;

Men wha grew wife priggin owre hops an' raifins,
 Or gather'd lib'ral views in Bond and Seifins.
 If haply Knowledge, on a random tramp,
 Had shor'd them with a glimmer of his lamp,
 And would to Common-sense for once betray'd them,
 Plain, dull Stupidity stept kindly in to aid them.

What farther clishmaclaver might been said,
 What bloody wars, if Sprites had blood to shed,
 No man can tell; but, all before their fight,
 A fairy train appear'd in order bright :
 Adown the glittering stream they featly danc'd ;
 Bright to the moon their various dresses glanc'd ;
 They footed o'er the wat'ry glafs so neat,
 The infant ice scarce bent beneath their feet :
 While arts of Minstrelsy among them rung,
 And soul-ennobling Bards heroic ditties sung.

O had *M'Lauchlan**, thairm-inspiring Sage,
 Been there to hear this heavenly band engage,
 When thro' his dear *Strathspeys* they bore with
 Highland rage ;

Or when they struck old Scotia's melting airs,
 The lovers raptur'd joys or bleeding cares ;
 How would his Highlan lug been nobler fir'd,
 And ev'n his matchless hand with finer touch inspir'd

* A well-known performer of Scottish music on the viola.

No guests could tell what instrument appear'd,
 But all the soul of Music's self was heard;
 Harmonious concert rung in every part,
 While simple melody pour'd moving on the heart.

The Genius of the Stream in front appears,
 A venerable Chief advanc'd in years!
 His hoary head with water-lilies crown'd,
 His manly leg with garter tangle bound.
 Next came the loveliest pair in all the ring,
 Sweet Female Beauty hand in hand with Spring;
 Then, crown'd with flow'ry hay, came Rural Joy,
 And Summer, with his fervid-beaming eye:
 All chearing plenty, with her flowing horn,
 Led yellow Autumn wreath'd with nodding corn;
 Then Winter's time-bleach'd locks did hoary show,
 By Hospitality with cloudless brow,
 Next follow'd Courage with his martial stride,
 From where the *Feal* wild-woody coverts hide:
 Benevolence, with mild, benignant air,
 A female form, came from the tow'rs of *Stair*:
 Learning and Worth in equal measures trode,
 From simple *Cairine*, their long-lov'd abode:
 Last, white-rob'd Peace, crown'd with a hazle wreath,
 To rustic Agriculture did bequeath
 The broken, iron instruments of Death,
 At sight of whom our Sprites forgot their kindling
 wrath.

O R D I N A T I O N.

*For sense they little owe to frugal Heav'n—
To please the Mob they hide the little giv'n,*

I.

K***** Wabsters, fidge an' claw,
An' pour your creeshie nations ;
An' ye wha leather rax an' draw,
Of a' denominations ;
Swith to the *Laigh Kirk*, ane an' a',
An' there tak up your stations ;
Then aff to *B-gb--'s* in a raw,
And pour divine libations,
For joy this day.

II.

Curst Common-sense, that imp o' h-ll,
Cam in wi' Maggie Lauder* ;
But O***** aft made her yell,
An' R***** fa'r misca'd her :
This day M'***** tak's the flail,
An' he's the boy will blaud her !
He'll clap a *sbangan* on her tail,
An' set the bairns to daud her
Wi' dirt this day.

* Alluding to a scoffing Ballad which was made on the admission of the late Reverend and worthy Mr. L—— to the *Laigh Kirk*.

III.

Mak haste an' turn King David owre;
An' lilt wi' holy clangor;

O' double verse come gie us four,
An skirl up the Bangor:

This day the Kirk kicks up a floure,
Nae mair the knaves shall wrang her,

For Heresy is in her pow'r,
And gloriously she'll whang her
Wi' pith this day.

IV.

Come, let a proper text be read,
An' touch it aff wi' vigour,

How graceless *Ham** leugh at his Dad,
Which made *Canaan* a niger;

Or *Phineas* † drove the murdering blade,
Wi' wh-re-abhorring rigour;

Or *Zipporah* §, the scauldin jad,
Was like a bluidy tiger

I' th' inn that day:

V.

There, try his mettle on the creed,
And bind him down wi' caution,

That *Stipend* is a carnal weed
He takes but for the fashion;

* Genesis, ch. ix. vers. 22.

† Numbers, ch. xxv. vers. 8.

§ Exodus, ch. iv. vers. 23.

And gie him o'er the flock to feed,
 And punish each transgression;
 Especial, *rams* that criss the breed,
 Gie them sufficient threshin,

Spare them nae day.

VI.

Now auld' K*****, cock thy tail,
 An' tofs thy horns fu' canty;
 Nae mair thou'lt rowte out-owre the dale,
 Because thy pasture's scanty:
 For lapfu's large o' *gospel-kail*
 Shall fill thy crib in plenty,
 An' runts o' grace the pick an' walt,
 No gi'en by way o' dainty,

But ilka day.

VII.

Nae mair by *Babel's streams* we'll weep;
 To think upon our *Zion*;
 And hing our fiddles up to sleep;
 Like baby-clouts a-dryin:
 Come, screw the pegs wi' tunefu' cheep,
 And o'er the thairms be tryin;
 Oh, rare! to see our elbucks wheep,
 And a' like lamb-tails flyin

Fu' fast this day!

VIII.

Lang *Patronage*, wi' rod o' airn,
 Has shor'd the Kirk's undoin,
 As lately *F-nw-ck*, fair forfairn,
 Has proven to it's ruin:

Our Patron, honest man! Gl——,

He saw mischief was brëwin;

And like a godly, elect bairn,

He's wal'd us out a true ane,

And found this day,

IX.

Now R***** harangue nae mair,

But steek your gab for ever;

Or try the wicked town of A——,

For there they'll think you clever;

Or, nae reflection on your lear;

Ye may commence a Shaver;

Or to the *N-th-ri-n* repair,

And turn a carpet-weaver.

Aff-hand this day.

X.

M***** and you were just a match,

We never had sic twa drones;

Auld *Hornie* did the *Laigh Kirk* watch,

Just like a winkin baudrons;

And ay he catch'd the tither wretch,

To fry them in his caudrons;

But now his Honor maun detach

Wi' a' his brimstone squadrons,

Fast, fast this day.

XI.

See, see auld Orthodoxy's faes,

She's swingin thro' the city!

Hark, how the nine-tail'd cat she plays!

I vow it's unto pretty:

There, Learning, with his Greekish face,
 Grunts out some Latin ditty;
 And Common Sense is gaun, she says,
 To mak to *Jamie Beattie*

Her plaint this day.

XII.

But there's Morality himsel,
 Embracing all opinions;
 Hear, how he gies the tither yell,
 Between his twa companions!
 See, how she peels the skin an' fell
 As ane were peelin onions!
 Now there, they're packed aff to h-ll,
 And banish'd our dominions,

Henceforth this day.

XIII.

O happy day! rejoice, rejoice!
 Come, bouse about the porter!
 Morality's demure decoys
 Shall here nae mair find quarter:
 M*****, R*****, are the boys
 That Herefy can torture;
 They'll gie her on a rape a hoyse,
 And cove her measure shorter

By th' head some day.

XIV.

Come, bring the tither mutchkin in,
 And here's, for a conclusion,

To ev'ry *New Light** mother's son,
 From this time foith, Confusion:
 If mair they deave us wi' their din,
 Or Patrionage intrusion,
 We'll light a spunk, and, ev'ry skin,
 W'e'll rin them aff in fusion

Like oil, some day.

**New Light* is a cant-phrase, in the West of Scotland, for those religious opinions which Dr. Taylor of Norwich has defended so strenuously.

T H E

C A L F.

*To the Rev. Mr. ———, on his text, MALACHI,
ch. iv: vers. 2. ‘And they shall go forth, and
‘grow up, like CALVES of the stall,’*

RIGHT, Sir! your text I'll prove it true,
Tho' Heretics may laugh;
For instance, there's yoursel just now,
God knows, an unco *Calf*!

And should some Patron be so kind,
As blest you wi' a kirk,
I doubt na, Sir, but then we'll find,
Ye're still as great a *Stirk*.

But, if the Lover's raptur'd hour,
Shall ever be your lot,
Forbid it, ev'ry heav'nly Power,
You e'er should be a *Stot*!

Tho', when some kind connubial Dear
Your but-and-ben adorns,
The like has been that you may wear
A noble head of *Horns*.

And, in your lug, most reverend J——,
To hear you roar and rowte,
Few men o' sence will doubt your claims
To rank among the *Nowte*.

And when ye're number'd wi' the dead,
Below a grassy hillock,
Wi' justice they may mark your head—
' Here lies a famous *Bullock* !'

A D D R E S S

T O T H E

D E I L.

*O Prince ! O chief of many throned Pow'rs,
That led th' embattel'd Seraphim to war——*

MILTON.

O Thou ! whatever title suit thee,
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,
Wha in yon cavern grim an' sootie,
Clos'd under hatches,
Spairges about the brunstane cootie,
To scaud poor wretches !

Hear me, auld *Hangie*, for a wee,
An' let poor damned bodies be ;
I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,
Ev'n to a *deil*,
To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me,
An hear us squeel !

Great is thy pow'r, an' great thy fame ;
Far kend an' noted is thy name ;
An' tho' yon lowin heugh's thy hame,
Thou travels far ;
An' faith ! thou's neither lag nor lame,
Nor blate nor scaur.

Whyles, ranging like a roaring lion,
 For prey, a' holes an' corners tryin ;
 Whyles, on the strong-wing'd Tempest flyin,
 Tirlin' the kirks ;
 Whyles, in the human bosom pryin,
 Unseen thou lurks.

I've heard my reverend *Graunie* say,
 In lanely glens ye like to stray ;
 Or where auld, ruin'd castles, gray,
 Nod to the moon,
 Ye fright the nightly wand'rer's way,
 With eldritch croon.

When twilight did my *Graunie* summon,
 To say her pray'rs, douce honest woman !
 Aft yont the dyke she's heard you bummin,
 Wi' eerie drone ;
 Or, rustlin, thro' the boortrics comin,
 Wi' heavy groan

Ae dreary, windy, winter night,
 The stars shot down wi' sklent in light ;
 Wi' you, mysel, I gat a fright,
 Ayont the lough ;
 Ye, like a rash-bufs, stood in fight,
 Wi' waving fugh.

The cudgel in my nieve did shake,
 Each bristl'd hair stood like a stake,
 When wi' an eldritch, floor quaick, quaick,
 Amang the springs,

Awa ye squatter'd like a drake,
On whistling wings.

Let *warlocks* grim, an' wither'd *bags*,
Tell how wi' you on ragweed nags,
They skim the muirs an' dizzy crags,
Wi' wicked speed ;
And in kirk-yards renew their leagues,
Owre howkit dead.

Thence, countra wives, wi' toil an' pain,
May plunge an' plunge the kirk in vain!
For, O ! the yellow treasure's taen
By witching skill;
An' dawtit', twal-pint *Hawkie's* gaen
As yell's the Bill.

Thence, mystic knots mak great abuse,
On young Guidmen, fond keen, an' cruese;
When the best wark-lume i' the house,
By cantrip wit,
Is instant made no worth a louse,
Just at the bit.

When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord,
An' float the jinglin icy-boord,
Then, *Water-kelpies* haunt the foord,
By your direction,
An' nighted Trav'lers are allur'd
To their destruction.

An' aft your moss-traverfing *Spunkies*
 Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is:
 The bleezin, curst, mischievious monkies
 Delude his eyes,
 Till in some miry slough he sunk is:
 Ne'er mair to rife.

When *Masons* myftic word an' grip,
 In ftorms an' tempefts raife you up,
 Some cock or cat your rage maun ftop,
 Or, ftange to tell!
 The youngest Brother, ye wad whip
 Aff ftrought to h-ll.

Lang fyne in *Eaden's* bonie yard,
 When youthfu lovers firft were pair'd,
 An' all the foul of love they shar'd,
 The raptur'd hour,
 Sweet on the fragrant flow'ry fwaird,
 In shady bow'r:

Then you, ye auld, fnick-drawing dog!
 Ye cam to Paradife incog,
 An' play'd on man a curf'd brogue,
 (Black be your fa'!)
 An' gied the infant warld a fhog,
 'Maift ruin'd a'.

D'ye mind that day when in a bizz,
 Wi' reekit duds, and reekit gizz,
 Ye did present your smoutie phiz,
 'Mang better folk,
 An sklent on the *man of Uzz*
 Your spitefu' joke?

An' how you gat him i' your thrall,
 An' brak him out o' house and hal',
 While scabs an' botches did him gall,
 Wi' bitter claw,
 And lows'd his ill-tongu'd, wicked Scawl,
 Was warft' ava?

But a' your doings to rehearse;
 Your wily snares an' fechtin fierce,
 Sin' that day *Michael** did you pierce,
 Down to this time,
 Wad ding a Lallan tongue or Erse,
 In prose or rhyme.

An' now, auld *Cloots*, I ken ye're thinkin,
 A certain Bardie's rantin, drinkin,
 Some luckless hour will send him linkin
 To your black pit;
 But faith! he'll turn a corner jinkin,
 An cheat you yet.

* Vide MILTON, Book VI.

But, fare ye weel, auld *Nickie-ben* !
O wad ye tak a thought an' men' !
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—

Still hae a *stake*—
I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
Ev'n for your sake ?

T H E

DEATH AND DYING WORDS

O F

P O O R M A I L I E,

THE AUTHOR'S ONLY PET YOWE.

An Unco Mournfu' Tale.

AS *Mailie*, an her lambs thegither,
 Was ae day nibbling on the tether;
 Upon her cloot she coost a hitch,
 An' owre she warl'd in the ditch:
 There, groaning, dying, she did lie,
 When *Hughoc* * he cam doytin by.

Wi' glowrin een, an' listid han's,
 Poor *Hughoc* like a statue stan's;
 He saw her days were near hand ended,
 But, waes my heart! he could na mend it!
 He gaped wide, but naething spak,
 At length poor *Mailie* silence brak:

' O thou, whase lamentable face
 Appears to mourn my woefu' case!

* Neibor herd-callen.

My dying words attentive hear,
An' bear them to my master dear.

' Tell him, if e'er again he keep
As muckle gear as buy a sheep,
O, bid him never tie them mair
Wi' wicked strings o' hemp or hair!
But ca' them out to park or hill,
An' let them wander at their will:
So may his flock increase, an' grow
To scores o' Lambs and packs of woo'!

' Tell him, he was a Master kin',
An' ay was guid to me an mine;
An' now my dying charge, I gie him,
My helpless lambs, I trust them wi' him.

' O, bid him save their harmless lives,
Frae dogs an' tods, an' butcher's knives!
But gie them guid cow-milk their fill,
Till they be fit to fend themsel;
An' tent them duly, e'en an' morn,
Wi' teats o' hay an' ribs o' corn.

An' may they never learn the gaets
Of ither vile, wanrestfu' pets!
To sink thro' flaps, an' reave an' steal,
At stacks o' pease, or stocks o' kail.
So may they, like their great forbears,
For monie a year come thro' the sheers:

So wives will gie them bits o' bread,
An' bairns greet for them when they're dead.

' My poor *toop-lamb*, my son an' heir,
O, bid him breed him up wi' care!
An' if he live to be a beast,
To pit some havins in his breast!
An' warn him, what I winna name,
To stay content, wi' yowes at hame;
An' no to rin an' wear their cloots,
Like ither menseless, graceless brutes.

' An' neist my *yowie*, silly thing,
Gude keep thee frae a tether string!
O, may thou ne'er forgather up
Wi' ony blastit, moorland toop;
But ay keep mind to moop and mell
Wi' sheep o' credit like thy sel!

' And now, my bairns, wi' my last breath,
I lea'e my bleffin wi' you baith:
An' when you think upo' your Mither,
Mind to be kind to ane anither.

Now, honest *Hughoc*, dinna fail
To tell my Master, a' my tale;
An' bid him burn this cursed tether,
An' for thy pains thou'fe get my blather.

This said, poor *Mailie* turn'd her head,
An' clos'd her een amang the dead!

POOR MAILIE'S ELEGY.

LAMENT in rhyme, lament in prose,
Wi' faut tears trickling down your nose;
Our Bardie's fate is at a close,

Past a' remead!

The last sad cape-stone of his woes;

Poor Mailie's dead.

Its no the loss o' warl's gear,
That cou'd fae bitter draw the tear,
Or mak our Bardie, dowie, wear

The mourning weed:

He's lost a friend and neebor dear,

In *Mailie* dead.

Thro' a' the toun she trotted by him;
A lang half mile she could discry him;
Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him,
She ran wi' speed:
A friend mair faithfu' ne'er cam nigh him,
Than *Mailie* dead.

I wat she was a sheep o' sense,
An' could behave hersel wi' mense;
I'll say't, she never brak a fence,

Thro' thievish greed.

Our Bardie, lanely, keeps the Spence

Sin' *Mailie's* dead.

Or, if he wanders up the howe,
 Her living image in her *yowe*,
 Comes bleating to him ow're the knowe,
 For bits o' bread ;
 An' down the briny pearls rowe
 For *Mailie* dead.

She was nae get o' moorland tips,
 Wi' tawtit ket, an' hairy hips ;
 For her forbears were brought in ships,
 Frae yont the *Tweed*;
 A bonier *flesh* ne'er cross'd the clips
 Than *Mailie's* dead.

Wae worth the man wha' first did shape
 That vile wanchancie thing—a *rape* !
 It maks guid fellows girn an' gape
 Wi' ehokin dread ;
 An' *Robin's* bonnet weave wi' crape
 For *Mailie* dead.

O, a' ye Bards on bonie *Doon* !
 An' wha on *Ayr* your chanter's tune !
 Come, join the melancholious croon
 O *Robin's* reed !
 His heart will never get aboon !
 His *Mailie's* dead.

T O

J. S * * * *

*Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweet'ner of Life, and folder of Society!
I owe thee much——*

BLAIR.

DEAR S****, the sleeest, paukie thief,
That e'er attempted stealth or rief,
Ye surely hae some warlock-breef
Owre human hearts;
For ne'er a bosom yet was prief
Against your arts.

For me, I swear by sun an' moon,
And ev'ry star that blinks aboon,
Ye've cost me twenty pair o' shoön
Just gaun to see you;
And ev'ry ither pair that's done,
Mair ta'en I'm wi' you.

That auld, capricious carlin, Nature,
To mak amends for scrimpet stature,
She's turn'd you off, a human creature
On her first plan,
And in her freaks, on every feature,
She's wrote, *the Man*.

E

Just now I've taen the fit o' rhyme,
 My barmie noddle's working prime,
 My fancy yerket up sublime
 Wi' hasty summon :
 Hae ye a leifure-moment's time
 To hear what's comin'?

Some rhyme a neebor's name to lash ;
 Some rhyme (vain thought!) for needfu' cash,
 Some rhyme to court the countra clash,
 An' raise a din ;
 For me, an aim I never fash ;
 I rhyme for fun.

The star that rules my luckless lot,
 Has fated me the russet coat,
 An' damn'd my fortune to the groat ;
 But iu requit,]
 Has blest me with a random shot
 O' countra wit.

This while my notion's taen asklent,
 To try my fate in guid black *prent* ;
 But still the mair I'm that way bent,
 Something cries, ' Hoolie!
 ' I red you, honest man, tak tent !
 ' Ye'll shaw your folly.

' There's ither Poets, much your better,
 Far seen in *Greek*, deep men o' letters,

Hae thought they had ensur'd their debtors,
 ' A' future ages ;
 Now moths deform in shapeless tatters
 ' Their unknown pages,'

Then farewell hopes o' laurel-boughs,
 To garland my poetic brows !
 Henceforth I'll rove where busy ploughs
 Are whistling thrang,
 And teach the lanely heights an' howes
 My rustic sang,

I'll wander on with tentless heed,
 Now never-halting moments speed,
 Fate shall snap the brittle thread :
 Then, all unknown,
 Lay me with the inglorious dead,
 Forgot and gone !

But why, o' death, begin a tale ?
 Now we're living sound an' hale ;
 On top and maintop croud the sail,
 Heave Care o'er-side !
 Large, before Enjoyment's gale,
 Let's tak the tide.

His life, sae far's I understand,
 In enchanted fairy-land,

Where pleasure is the magic wand,
 That, wielded right,
 Maks Hours like Minutes, hand in hand,
 Dance by fu' light.

The magic-wand then let us wield ;
 For, ance that five-an'-forty's speeld,
 See, crazy, weary, joyless Eild,
 Wi' wrinkl'd face,
 Comes hostin, hirplin owre the field,
 Wi' creeping pace.

When ence *life's day* draws near the gloamin,
 Then fareweel vacant, careless roamin ;
 An' fareweel chearfu' tankards foamin,
 An' social noise ;
 An' fareweel dear, deluding *woman*,
 The joy of joys !

O Life ! how pleasant is thy morning,
 Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning !
 Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning,
 We frisk away,
 Like school-boys, at th' expected warning,
 To joy and play.

We wander there, we wander here,
 We eye the rose upon the brier,
 Unmindful that the thorn is near,
 Among the leaves ;

And tho' the puny wound appear,
Short while it grieves,

Some, lucky, find a flow'ry spot,
For which they never toil'd nor swat ;
They drink the sweet and eat the fat,
But care or pain ;
And, haply, eye the barren hut
With high disdain,

With steady aim, some Fortune chase ;
E'en Hope does ev'ry finew brace ;
Thro' fair, thro' foul, they urge the race,
And seize the prey :
Then canie, in some cozie place,
They close the day.

And others, like your humble servan',
Poor wights ! nae rules nor roads observin ;
To right or left, eternal swervin,
They zig-zag on ;
Will curst with age, obscure an' starvin,
They aften groan,

Alas ! what bitter toil an' straining—
But truce with peevish, poor complaining !
Fortune's fickle *Luna* waning ?
E'en let her gang !
Beneath what light she has remaining,
Let's sing our sang,

Where pleasure is the magic wand,
 That, wielded right,
 Maks Hours like Minutes, hand in hand,
 Dance by fu' light.

The magic-wand then let us wield ;
 For, ance that five-an'-forty's speeld,
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At truce with peevish, poor complaining !
Fortune's fickle *Luna* waning ?
E'en let her gang !
Beneath what light she has remaining,
Let's sing our sang,

My pen I here fling to the door,
 And kneel, 'Ye Pow'rs ! and warm implore,
 ' Tho' I should wander *Terra* o'er,
 ' In all her climes,
 ' Grant me but this, I ask no more,
 ' Ay rowth o' rhymes.

' Gie dreeping roasts to countra Lairds,
 ' Till icicles hing frae their beards ;
 ' Gie fine braw claes to fine Life-guards,
 ' And Maids of honour ;
 ' And yill an' whisky gie to Cairds,
 ' Until they sconner.

' A Title, *Dempster* merits it ;
 ' A garter gie to *Willie Pitt* ;
 ' Gie Wealth to some be-ledger'd Cit,
 ' In cent. per cent. ;
 ' But give me real, Sterling Wit,
 ' And I'm content.

' While Ye are pleas'd to keep me hale,
 ' I'll fit down o'er my scanty meal,
 ' Be't *water-brose*, or *muslin-kail*,
 ' Wi' chearfu face,
 ' As lang's the muses dinna fail
 ' To say the grace.'

An' anxious e'e I never throws
 Behind my lug, or by my nose ;
 Junk beneath Misfortune's blows
 As weel's I may ;
 Sworn foe to Sorrow, Care, and Prose,
 I rhyme away.

O ye douce folk, that live by rule,
 Grave, tideless-blooded, calm and cool,
 Compar'd wi' you— O fool ! fool ! fool !
 How much unlike !
 Your hearts are just a standing pool,
 Your lives a dyke !

Nae hair-brain'd, sentimental traces
 In your unletter'd, nameless faces !
 In *arioso* thrills and graces
 Ye never stray,
 But *gravissimo*, solemn bafes
 Ye hum away.

Ye are fae *grave*, nae doubt ye're *wise* ;
 Nae ferly tho' ye do despise
 The hairum-scairum, ram-stam boys,
 The rattling squad :
 I see ye upward cast your eyes—
 Ye ken the road—

Whilst I—but I shall haud me there—
 Wi' you I'll scarce gang *ony where*—
 Then *Jamie*, I shall say nae mair,
 But quat my sang,
 Content with *You* to mak a pair,
 Where'er I gang.

A
D R E A M.

*Thoughts, words, and deeds, the Statute blames with
reason ;
But surely Dreams were ne'er indicted Treason.*

[On reading, in the public papers, the *Laureate's Ode*,
with the other parade of June 4, 1786, the Au-
thor was no sooner dropt asleep, than he imagined
himself transported to the Birth-day Levee ; and,
in his dreaming fancy, made the following *Address*.]

I.

GUID-MORNIN to your *Majesty* !

May Heaven augment your blisses,

On ev'ry new *Birth-day* ye see,

An humble Bardie wishes !

My Bardship here at your Levee,

On sic a day as this is,

Is sure an uncouth sight to see,

Among the *Birth-day* dresles

Sae fine this day,

E 5

II.

I see ye're complimented thrang
 By many a lord an' lady ;
 ' God save the King ! ' 's a cuckoo sang
 That's unco easy said ay :
 The Poets, too, a venal gang,
 Wi' rhymes weel turn'd and ready,
 Wad gar you true ye ne'er do wrang,
 But ay unerring steady,
 On sic a day.

III.

For me ! before a Monarch's face,
 Ev'n there I winna flatter ;
 For neither Pension, Post, nor Place,
 Am I your humble debtor :
 So, nae reflection on *Your Grace*,
 Your Kingship to bespatter ;
 There's monie war been o' the Race,
 And aiblins ane been better
 Than You this day.

IV.

'Tis very true, my sovereign King,
 My skill may weel be doubted :
 But Facts are Chiels that winna ding,
 An' downa be disputed :
 Your Royal Nest, beneath Your wing,
 Is e'en right rest and clouted,
 And now the third part of the string,
 An' less, will gang about it,
 Than did ae day.

V.

Far be't frae me that I aspire
 To blame your legislation,
 Or say, ye wisdom want, or fire
 To rule this mighty nation ;
 But, faith ! I muckle doubt, my *Sire* ;
 Ye've trusted Ministration,
 To chaps, wha, in a barn or byre,
 Wad better fill'd their station
 Than courts yon day.

VI.

And now ye've gien auld *Britain* peace,
 Her broken shins to plaister,
 Your fair taxation does her fleece,
 Till she has scarce a tester :
 For me, thank God ! my life's a *lease*,
 Nae *bargain* wearing faster,
 Or, faith ! I fear, that wi' the geese,
 I shortly boost to pasture
 I' the craft some day,

VII.

I'm no mistrusting *Willie Pitt*,
 When taxes he enlarges,
 (An' *Will*'s a true good fallow's get,
 A name not Envy spairges),
 That he intends to pay your debt,
 And lessen a' your charges ;
 But, G-d fake ! let nae *saving-fit*
 Abridge your bonny Barges
 An' Boats this day,

VIII.

Adieu, my *Liege*! may Freedom geck
 Beneath your high protection;
 An' may Ye rax Corruption's neck,
 And gie her for dissection!
 But sin' I'm here, I'll no neglect,
 In royal, true affection,
 To pay your *Queen*, with due respect,
 My fealty an' subjection

This great Birth-day.

IX.

Hail, *Majesty most Excellent*!
 While Nobles strive to please Ye,
 Will Ye accept a compliment
 A simple Bardie gies Ye?
 'Thae bonny Bairntime Heav'n has lent,
 Still higher may they heeze Ye
 In blifs, till Fate some day is sent
 For ever to release Ye

Frae care that day.

X.

For you, young *Potentate o' W—*,
 I tell your *Highness* fairly,
 Down Pleasure's stream, wi' swelling sails,
 I'm tauld ye're driving rarely!
 But some day ye may knaw your nails,
 An' curse your folly fairly,
 That e'er ye brak *Diana's* pales,
 Or rattl'd dice wi' *Charlie*

¹ By night or day.

XI.

Yet aft a ragged *Cowt*'s been known
 To make a nobler *Aiver*;
 Sae ye may doucely fill a Throne,
 For a' their clish-ma-claver:
 There *Him* * at *Agincourt* wha shone,
 Few better were or braver;
 And yet, wi' funny, queer *Sir John* †
 He was an unco shaver,
 For monie a day.

XII.

For you, right rev'red O——g,
 Nane sets the *lawn-sleeve* sweeter,
 Altho' a ribban at your lug
 Wad been a drefs completer:
 As ye disown yon paughty dog
 That bears the Keys o' Peter,
 Then, swith! an get a wife to hug,
 Or, troth! ye'll stain the Mitre
 Some luckless day.

XIII.

Young, royal *Tarry-Breeks*, I learn,
 Ye've lately come athwart her;
 A glorious *Galley* §, stem and stern,
 Weel rigg'd for *Venus'* barter;
 But first hang out, that she'll discern,

* King Henry.

† Sir John Falstaff. See Shakespeare.

§ Alluding to the News-paper account of a certain Royal Sailor's amour.

Your hymeneal charter,
Then heave aboard your grapple airn,
An' large upo' her quarter.

Come full that day.

XIV.

Ye, lastly, bonny blossoms a'
Ye royal lasses dainty,
Heav'n mak you guid as weel as braw,
An' gie you lads a-plenty :
But sneer na *British* boys awa',
For Kings are unco scant ay ;
An' German Gentles are but *sma'*,
They're better just than *want* ay

On onie day.

XV.

God blefs you a'! consider now
Ye're unco muckle dautet ;
But 'ere the *course* o' life be through,
It may be better fauted :
An' I hae seen their *cogie* fou,
That yet hae tarrow't at it ;
But or the *day* was done, I trow,
The laggen they hae clautet

Fu' clean that day.

T H E

V I S I O N.

D U A N F I R S T*.

THE sun had clos'd the winter day,
 The Curlers quat their roaring play,
 An' hunger'd Maukin, ta'en her way
 To kail-yards green,
 While faithless snaws ilk step betray
 Whare she has been,

The Thresher's weary *flinging-tree*.
 The lee-lang day had tired me;
 And when the day had clos'd his e'e
 Far i' the West;
 Ben i' the *Spence*, right pensivelie,
 I gaed to rest.

There, lanely, by the ingle cheek,
 I sat and ey'd the spewing reek,
 That fill'd, wi' hoast provoking smeek,
 The auld clay biggin,
 And heard the restless rattons squeak
 About the riggin.

* *Duan*, a term of Ossian's for the different divisions of a digressive Poem. See his *Cath-Loda*, vol. 2 of M'Pherson's Translation.

All in this motty, misty clime
I backward mus'd on wastet time,
How I had spent my youthfu' prime,
An' done nae-thing,
But stringin blethers up in rhyme
For foòls to sing.

Had I to guid advice but harkit,
I might, by this, hae led a market,
Or strutted in a Bank, and clarkit
My cash account':
While here, half-mad, half-fed, half farkit,
Is a' th' amount.

I started, mutt'ring, blockhead! coof!
And heav'd on high my waukit loof,
To swear by a' yon starry roof,
Or some rash aith,
That I henceforth would be *rhyme-proof*
Till my last breath—

When click ! the string the snick did draw,
And jee ! the door gaed to the wa';
And by my ingle-lowe I saw,
Now bleezin bright,
A tight, outlandish *Hizzie*, braw,
Come full in fight.

We need na doubt, I held my whisht ;
The infant aith, half-form'd was crusht ;
glowr'd as eerie's I'd been dusht

In some wild glen;

When sweet, like modest Worth, she blusht,

And stepped ben.

Green, slender, leaf-clad *Holly-boughs*
Were twisted gracefu', round her brows,
Took her for some *Scottish Muse*,

By that same token ;

And come to stop those reckless vows,

Would soon be broken.

A "hair-brain'd, sentimental trace"

Was strongly marked in her face ;

A wildly-witty, rustic grace

Shone full upon her ;

Her eye, ev'n turn'd on empty space,

Beam'd keen with Honour.

Down flow'd her robe, a tartan sheen,

Till half a leg was scrimply seen ;

And fuch a leg! my bonny *Jean*

Could on'y peer it ;

Sae straught, sae taper, tight and clean,

Nane else came near it.

Her *Mantle* large, of greenish hue,
 My gazing wonder chiefly drew ;
 Deep *lights* and *shades*, bold-mingling, threw
 A lustre grand ;
 And seem'd, to my astonish'd view,
 A *well-known* Land.

Here, rivers in the sea were lost ;
 There, mountains to the skies were tost ;
 Here, tumbling billows mark'd the coast
 With surging foam ;
 There, distant shone Art's lofty boast,
 The lordly dome.

Here, *Doon* pour'd down his far-fetch'd floods ;
 There well-fed *Irvine* stately thuds ;
 Auld hermit *Ayr* staw thro' his woods,
 On to the shore ;
 And many a lesser torrent scuds,
 With seeming roar.

Low, in a sandy valley spread,
 An ancient *Borough* rear'd her head ;
 Still, as in Scottish story read,
 She boasts a Race,
 To ev'ry nobler virtue bred,
 And polish'd grace.

By stately tow'r, or palace fair,
 Or ruins pendent in the air,

Bold stems of Heroes, here and there,
 I could discern;
 Some seem'd to muse, some seem'd to dare,
 With feature stern.

My heart did glowing transport feel,
 To see a Race * heroic wheel,
 And brandish round the deep-dy'd steel
 In sturdy blows;
 While back-recoiling seem'd to reel
 Their Suthron foes.

His COUNTRY'S SAVIOUR †, mark him well!
 Bold *Richardton's* ‡ heroic swell;
 The Chief on *Sark* § who glorious fell,
 In high command;
 And *He* whom ruthless Fates expell
 His native land.

* The Wallaces,

† William Wallace.

‡ Adam Wallace of Richardton, cousin to the immortal preserver of Scottish Independence.

§ Wallace Laird of Craigie, who was second in command under Douglass Earl of Ormond, at the famous battle on the banks of Sark, fought ANNO 1448. That glorious victory was principally owing to the judicious conduct and intrepid valour of the gallant Laird of Craigie, who died of his wounds after the action.

Who call'd on Fame, low standing by,
 To hand him on,
 Where many a Patriot-name on high
 And Hero shone.

D U A N S E C O N D .

With musing-deep astonish'd stare,
 I view'd the heavenly-seeming *Fair*;
 A whisp'ring throb did witness bear
 Of kindred sweet,
 When with an elder Sister's air
 She did me greet.

' All hail! my own inspired Bard !
 ' In me thy native Muse regard !
 ' Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,
 ' Thus poorly low !
 ' I come to give thee such reward
 ' As we bestow.

4 Know, the great *Genius* of this land,
 ' Has many a light aerial band,
 ' Who, all beneath his high command,
 ' Harmoniously,
 ' As Arts or Arms they understand,
 ' Their labours ply.

' They *Scotia's* Race among them share ;
 ' Some fire the Soldier on to dare ;

- ‘ Some rouse the Patriot up to bare
 - ‘ Corruption’s heart :
- ‘ Some teach the Bard, a darling care,
 - ‘ The tuneful art.
- ‘ ’Mong swelling floods of reeking gore,
- ‘ They ardent, kindling spirits pour ;
- ‘ Or mid the venal Senate’s roar,
 - ‘ They, fightless, stand,
- ‘ To mend the honest Patriot-lore,
 - ‘ And grace the hand.
- ‘ And when the Bard, or hoary Sage,
- ‘ Charm or instruct the future age,
- ‘ They bind the wild Poetic rage
 - ‘ In energy,
- ‘ Or point the inconclusive page
 - ‘ Full on the eye.
- ‘ Hence, *Fullarton*, the brave and young,
- ‘ Hence, *Dempster*’s zeal-inspired tongue ;
- ‘ Hence, sweet harmonious *Beattie* sung
 - ‘ His “ Minstrel lays ;”
- Or tore, with noble ardour stung,
 - The *Sceptic*’s bays.
- ‘ To lower orders are assign’d
- ‘ The humbler ranks of Human-kind,
- ‘ The rustic Bard, the lab’ring Hind,
 - ‘ The Artisan ;

All chuse, as various they're inclin'd,

‘ The various man.

When yellow waves the heavy grain,

The threat'ning storm, some, strongly, rein ;

Some teach to meliorate the plain

‘ With tillage-skill ;

And some instruct the Shepherd-train,

‘ Blythe o'er the hill.

Some hint the Lover's harmless wile ;

Some grace the Maiden's artless smile ;

Some soothe the Lab'rer's weary toil,

‘ For humble gains,

And make his cottage-scenes beguile

‘ His cares and pains.

Some, bounded to a district-space,

Explore at large Man's infant race,

To mark the embryotic trace

‘ *Of rustic Bard ;*

And careful note each op'ning grace,

‘ A guide and guard.

Of these am I—Coila my name ;

And this district as mine I claim,

Where once the *Campbells*, chiefs of fame,

‘ Held ruling pow'r :

I mark'd thy embryo-tuneful flame,

‘ Thy natal hour.

- ‘ With future hope, I oft would gaze,
- ‘ Fond, on thy little early ways,
- ‘ Thy rudely caroll’d, chiming phrase,
- ‘ In uncouth rhymes,
- ‘ Fir’d at the simple, artless lays
- ‘ Of other times.

- ‘ I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
- ‘ Delighted with the dashing roar ;
- ‘ Or when the North his fleecy store
- ‘ Drove thro’ the sky,
- ‘ I saw grim Nature’s visage hoar
- ‘ Struck thy young eye.

- ‘ Or when the deep green-mantl’d Earth
- ‘ Warm cherish’d ev’ry flow’ret’s birth,
- ‘ And joy and music pouring forth
- ‘ In ev’ry grove,
- ‘ I saw thee eye the gen’ral mirth
- ‘ With boundless love.

- ‘ When ripen’d fields, and azure skies,
- ‘ Call’d forth the Reaper’s rustling noise,
- ‘ I saw thee leave their ev’ning joys,
- ‘ And lonely stalk,
- ‘ To vent thy bosom’s swelling rise,
- ‘ In pensive walk.

When youthful Love, warm-blushing strong
 Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along,
 Those accents, grateful to thy tongue,

‘Th’ adored *Name*,

I taught thee how to pour in song,

‘To soothe thy flame.

I saw thy pulse’s maddening play,
 Wild send thee Pleasure’s devious way,
 Missed by Fancy’s meteor-ray,

‘By Passion driven;

But yet the *light* that led astray

‘Was *light* from Heaven.

I taught thy manners-painting strains,
 The loves, the ways of simple swains,
 Till now, o’er all my wide domains

‘Thy fame extends;

And some, the pride of *Coila*’s plains,

‘Become thy friends.

Thou canst not learn, nor I can shew,
 To paint with *Thomson*’s landscape glow;
 Or wake the bosom-melting throe,

‘With *Shenstone*’s art;

Or pour, with *Gray*, the moving flow

‘Warm on the heart.

F

‘ Yet, all beneath th’ unrivall’d Rose,
 ‘ The lowly Daisy sweetly blows ;
 ‘ Tho’ large the forest’s Monarch throws
 ‘ His army shade,
 Yet green the juicy Hawthorn grows,
 ‘ Adown the glade.

‘ Then never murmur nor repine ;
 ‘ Strive in thy humble sphere to shine ;
 ‘ And trust me, not *Potosi*’s mine,
 ‘ Nor Kings regard,
 ‘ Can give a bliss o’ermatching thine,
 ‘ A *rustic Bard*.

‘ To give my counsels all in one,
 ‘ Thy tuneful flame still careful fan ;
 ‘ Preserve *the dignity of Man*,
 ‘ With Soul erect ;
 ‘ And trust, the *Universal Plan*
 ‘ Will all protect.

‘ And wear thou this’—she solemn said,
 And bound the *Holly* round my head :
 The polish’d leaves, and berries red,
 Did rustling play ;
 And, like a passing thought, she fled
 In light away.

A D D R E S S

T O T H E

U N C O G U I D,

O R T H E

RIGIDLY RIGHTEOUS.

*My Son, these Maxims make a rule,**And lump them ay thegither;**The Rigid Righteous is a fool,**The Rigid Wise anither :**The cleanest corn that e'er was dight**May hae some pyles o' cass in ;**So ne'er a fellow-creature slight**For random fits o' daffin.*

SOLOMON,—Ecclef. ch. vii.

I.

O Y E wha are fae guid yoursel

Sae pious and sae holy,

Ye've nought to do but mark and tell

Your Neebours' fauts and folly

Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill,

Supply'd wi' store o' water,

The heapet happer's ebbing still,

And still the clap plays clatter.

II.

Hear me, ye venerable Core,
 As counsel for poor mortals
 That frequent pass dounce Wisdom's door
 For glakit Folly's portals;
 I, for their thoughtless, careless fakes,
 Would here propone defences,
 Their donsie tricks, their black mistakes,
 Their failings and mischances.

III.

Ye see your state wi' their's compar'd,
 And shudder at the nisser,
 But cast a moment's fair regard
 What makes the mighty differ;
 Discount what scant occasion gave,
 That purity ye pride in,
 And (what's aft mair than a' the leave)
 Your better art o' hiding.

IV.

Think, when your castigated pulse
 Gies now and then a wallop,
 What ragings must his veins convulse
 That still eternal gallop:
 Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,
 Right on ye scud your sea-way:
 But, in the teeth o' baith to fail,
 It makes an unco leeway.

V.

See, Social Life and Glee sit down
 All joyous and unthinking,
 Till, quite transmugrify'd, they're grown,
 Debauchery and drinking :
 O would they stay to calculate
 Th' eternal consequences ;
 Or your more dreaded h-ll to state,
 Damnation of expences !

VI.

Ye high, exalted, virtuous Dames,
 Ty'd up in godly laces ;
 Before ye gie poor *Frailty* names,
 Suppose a change o' cases ;
 A dear-lov'd lad, convenience snug,
 A treacherous inclination——
 But, let me whisper i' your lug,
 Ye're ablins nae temptation.

VII.

Then gently scan your brother Man,
 Still gentler sister Woman ;
 Tho' they may gang a-kennin wrang
 To step aside is human :
 One point must still be greatly dark,
 The moving *Why* they do it ;
 And just as lamely can ye mark,
 How far perhaps they rue it.

VIII.

Who made the Heart, 'tis He alone
 Decidedly can try us,
 He knows each chord, its various tone,
 Each spring its various bias :
 Then at the balance let's be mute,
 We never can adjust it ;
 What's done we partly may compute,
 But know not what's *resisted*.

TAM SAMSON'S*

ELEGY.

An honest man's the noblest work of God—

POPE,

HAS auld K***** seen the Deil?
 Or great M***** † thrawn his heel?
 Or R***** ‡ again grown weel,
 To preach an' read?
 'Na' waur than a!' cries ilka chiel,
 'Tam Samson's dead!'

K***** lang may grunt an' grain,
 An' sigh an' sob, an' greet her lane,
 An' clead her bairns, man, wife, an' wean,
 In mourning weed;
 To Death she's dearly pay'd the kane,
 Tam Samson's dead!

* When this worthy old Sportsman went out last muir-fowl season, he supposed it was to be, in Ossian's phrase, 'the last of his fields;' and expressed an ardent wish to die and be buried in the muirs. On this hint the Author composed his Elegy and Epitaph.

† A certain Preacher, a great favourite with the Million. Vide the ORDINATION, p. 54.

‡ Another Preacher, an equal favourite with the Few, who was at that time ailing. For him see also the ORDINATION, stanza IX.

The Brethren o' the mystic *level*
 May hang their head in wofu' bevel,
 While by their nose the tears will revel
 Like ony bead ;
 Death's gien the Lodge an unco devel,
 Tam Samson's dead !

When Winter muffles up his cloak,
 And binds the mire like a rock ;
 When to the loughs the Curlers flock,
 Wi' gleesome spied,
 Wha will they station at the *rock*,
 Tam Samson's dead !

He was the king o' a' the Core,
 To guard, or draw, or wick a bore,
 Or up the rink like *Jebu* roar,
 In time o' need ;
 But now he Lags on Death's *hog-score*,
 Tam Samson's dead !

Now safe the stately Sawmont sail,
 And Trouts bedropp'd wi' crimson hail,
 And Eels weel kend for souple tail,
 And Cods for greed,
 Since dark in Death's *fish-creel* we wail
 Tam Samson's dead !

Rejoice, ye birring Patricks a' ;
 Ye cootic Moorcocks, croufely craw ;

Ye Maukins, cock your fud fu' braw,
 Withouten dread ;
 Your mortal Fae is now awa',
 Tam Samson's dead !

That woefu' morn be ever mourn'd
 Saw him in shootin graith adorn'd,
 While pointers round impatient burn'd,
 Frae couples freed ;
 But Och ! he gaed and ne'er return'd !
 Tam Samson's dead !

In vain Auld-age his body batters ;
 In vain the gout his ancles fetters ;
 In vain the burns cam down like waters,
 An acre-braid !
 Now ev'ry auld wife, grætin, clatters,
 Tam Samson's dead !

Owre mony a weary hag he limpit,
 An' ay the tither shot he thumpit,
 Till coward Death behint him jumpit,
 Wi' deadly feide ;
 Now he proclaim's wi' tout o' Trumpet,
 Tam Samson's dead !

When at his heart he felt the dagger,
 He reel'd his wonted bottle-swagger,
 But yet he drew the mortal trigger,
 Wi' weel-aim'd heed ;

‘ L—d, five!’ he cry’d, an’ owre did stagger;
Tam Samson’s dead!

Ilk hoary Hunter mourn’d a brither;
Ilk Sportsman-youth bemoan’d a father;
Yon auld gray stane, amang the hether,
Marks out his head,
Whare *Burns* has wrote in Rhyming blether,
Tam Samson’s dead!

When August winds the hether wave,
And Sportsmen wander by yon grave,
Three vollies let his mem’ry crave
O pouter an’ lead,
Till Echo answer frae her cave,
Tam Samson’s dead!

Heav’n rest his foul, whare’er he be!
Is th’ wish o’ mony mae than me:
He had twa fauts, or may be three,
Yet what remead?
Ae social, honest man want we:
Tam Samson’s dead!

THE EPITAPH.

Tam Samson's weel-worn clay here lies,
 Ye canting Zealots, spare him!
 If Honest Worth in Heaven rise,
 Ye'll mend or ye win near him.

P E R C O N T R A.

Go, Fame, an' canter like a filly
 Thro' a' the streets an' neuks o' *Killie**,
 Tell ev'ry social honest billie
 To cease his grievin,
 For yet, unskait'h'd by Death's gleg gullie,
 Tam Samson's livin'!

* *Killie* is a phrase the country-folks sometimes use for the name of a certain town in the West.

THE following POEM will, by many Readers, be well enough understood; but for the sake of those who are unacquainted with the manners and traditions of the country where the scene is cast, notes are added, to give some account of the principal Charms and Spells of that night, so big with Prophecy to the Peasantry in the West of Scotland. The passion of prying into Futurity makes a striking part of the history of Human Nature, in its rude state, in all ages and nations; and it may be some entertainment to a philosophic mind, if any such should honour the Author with a perusal, to see the remains of it, among the more unenlightened in our own.

H A L L O W E E N*.

*Yes! let the Rich deride, the Proud disdain-
 The simple pleasures of the lowly train;
 To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
 One native charm, than all the gloss of art.*

GOLDSMITH.

I.

U P O N that night when Fairies light
 On *Cassilis-Downans* † dance,
 Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze,
 On sprightly coursfers prance;
 Or for *Colean* the rout is ta'en,
 Beneath the moon's pale beams;
 There, up the *Cove* ‡, to stray an' rove,
 Among the rocks an' streams
 To sport that night.

* Is thought to be a night when Witches, Devils, and other mischief-making beings, are all abroad, on their baneful, midnight errands; particularly, those aerial people, the Fairies, are said on that night, to hold a grand Anniversary.

† Certain little, romantic, rocky, green hills, in the neighbourhood of the ancient seat of the Earls of Cassilis.

‡ A noted cavern near *Colean-house*, called the *Cove of Colean*; which, as well as *Cassilis Downans*, is famed, in country story, for being a favourite haunt of Fairies.

II.

Among the bonie, winding banks,
 Where *Doon* rins, wimplin, clear,
 Where BRUCE * aince rul'd the martial ranks,
 An shook his *Carrick* spear,
 Some merry, friendly, countra folks,
 Together did convene,
 To *burn* their nits, an' *pou* their stocks,
 An' had their *Halloween*

Fu' blythe that night.

III.

The lasses-feat, and cleanly neat,
 Mair braw than when they're fine ;
 Their faces blythe, fu' sweetly kythe,
 Hearts leal, an' warm an' kin':
 The lads fae trig, wi' wooer-babs,
 Weel knotted on their garten,
 Some unco blate, an' some wi' gabs,
 Gar lasses hearts gang startin,

Whyles fast at night.

IV.

Then, first an' foremost, thro' the kail,
 Their *stocks* † maun a' be faught aince ;

* The famous family of that name, the ancestors of ROBERT, the great Deliverer of his country were Earls of Carrick.

† The first ceremony of Halloween is, pulling each a Stock, or plant of kail. They must go out, hand in hand,

[III]

They seek their een, an' grape an' wale
 For muckle anes, an' straught anes ;
 Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift,
 An' wander'd thro' the *Bow-kail*,
 An pou't, for want o' better shift,
 A runt was like a fow-tail,
 Sae bow't that night.

V.

Then, straught or crooked, yird or nane,
 They roar an' cry a' throu'ther ;
 The vera wee-things, toddlin, rin,
 Wi' stocks out-owre their shouther :
 An' gif the *cuslock*'s sweet or sour,
 Wi' jocteleg's they taste them ;
 Synne coziely, aboon the door,
 Wi' cannie care, they've plac'd them
 To lie that night.

VI.

The lasses staw frae 'mang them a',
 To pou their *stalks o' corn* *;

With eyes shut, and pull the first they meet with : its being big or little, straight or crooked, is prophetic of the size and shape of the grand object of all their Spells—the husband or wife. If any *yird* or earth stick to the root, that is Tocher, or Fortune; and the taste of the *cuslock*, that is, the heart of the Stern, is indicative of the natural temper and disposition. Lastly, the stems, or, to give them their ordinary appellation, the *runts*, are placed some where above the head of the door; and the Christian names of the people whom chance brings into the house, are, according to the priority of placing the *Runts*, the names in question.

* They go to the barn-yard, and pull each, at three several-times, a stalk of Oats. If the third stalk wants the *top-pickle*.

But Rab slips out, an' jinks about,
 Behint the muckle thorn :
 He grippet Nelly-hard an' fast ;
 Loud skirl'd a' the lasses ;
 But her *tap pickle* maist was lost,
 When kiutlin i' the Faufe-houfe *
 Wi' him that night.

VII.

The auld Guidwife's weel-hoordet *nits* †
 Are round an' round divided,
 An' monie lads an' lasses fates
 Are there that night decided ;
 Some kindle, couthie, side by side,
 An' *burn* thegither trimly ;
 Some start awa, wi' faucy pride,
 An' jump out-owre the chimlie
 Fu' high that night.

that is the grain at the top of the stalk, the party in question will come to the marriage-bed any thing but a maid.

* When the corn is in a doubtful state, by being too green or wet, the stack builder, by means of old timber, &c. makes a large apartment in his stack, with an opening in the side which is fairest exposed to the wind : this he calls a *Faufe-houfe*.

† Burning the nuts is a favourite charm. They name the lad and lass to each particular nut, as they lay them in the fire ; and according as they burn quietly together, or start from beside one another, the course and issue of the Courtship will be.

VIII.

Jean slips in twa, wi' tentie e'e;
 Wha 'twas, she wadna tell;
 But this is *Jock*, an' this is me,
 She says in to hersel:
 He bleez'd owre her, and she owre him,
 As they would ne'er mair part,
 Til fuff! he started up the lum,
 An' Jean had e'en a fair heart
 To see't that night.

IX.

Poor Willie, wi' his *bow-kail runt*,
 Was brunt wi' primsie Mallie;
 An' Mary, nae doubt, took the drunt,
 To be compar'd to Willie:
 Mall's nit lap out, wi' pridesu fling,
 An' her ain fit it brunt it;
 While Willie lap, an' swoor *by jing*,
 'Twas just the way he wanted
 To be that night.

X.

Nell had the Faule-house in her min',
 She pits hersel an' Rob in;
 In loving bleeze they sweetly join,
 Till white in afe they're sobbin:
 Nell's heart was dancin at the view,
 She wisper'd Rob to leuk for't:

Rob, stowlins, prie'd her bonny mou',
Fu' cozie in the neuk for't,
Unseen that night.

XI.

But Merran sat behint their backs;
Her thoughts on Andrew Bell!
She lea'es them gashin at their cracks,
An' slips out by hersel:
She thro' the yard the nearest takes,
An' to the kiln she goes then,
An' darklins grapit for the bauks,
And in the *Blue-clue* * throws then,
Right fear't that night.

XII.

An' ay she win't, an' ay she swat,
I wat she made nae jaukin;
Till something held within the pat,
Guid L—d! but she was quakin!
But whether 'twas the Deil himsel,
Or whether 'twas a bauk-en',
Or whether it was Andrew Bell,
She did na wait on talkin
To spier that night.

* Whoever would, with success, try this spell, must strictly observe these directions: Steal out, all alone, to the kiln, and, darkling, throw into the pot a clew of blue yarn; wind it in a new clew off the old one; and, towards the latter end, something will hold the thread: demand, *who hauds?* i. e. who holds? an. answer will be returned from the kilo-pot, by naming the Christian and Surname of your future Spouse.

XIII.

Jenny to her Graunie says,
Will ye go wi' me, Graunie?
eat the apple * at the glass,
gat frae uncle Johnie :"
uff't her pipe wi' sic a lunt,
wrath she was fae vap'rin,
otic't na, an aizle brunt
er braw new worset apron

Out thro' that night.

XIV.

little Skelpie-limmer's face !
dair you try sic fportin,
seek the foul Thief ony place,
for him to spae your fortune :
doubt but ye may get a *fight!*
Great cause ye hae to fear it ;
monie a ane has gotten a fright,
An' liv'd an' di'd deleeret,

' On sic a night.

XV.

Hairst afore the Sherra-moor,
mind t as weel's yestreen,
as a gilpy then, I'm sure
was na past fyfteen :

Take a candle, and go alone to a looking-glass; eat an
before it, and some traditions say, you should comb
hair all the time; the face of your conjugal companion,
will be seen in the glass, as if peeping over your
der,

The Simmer had been cauld an' wat,
 An' stuff was unco green;
 ' An' ay a rantin kirn we gat;
 ' An' juist on *Halloween*

' It fell that night;

XVI.

' Our Stibble-rig was Rab M'Graen,
 ' A clever sturdy fallow;
 ' His Sin gat Eppie Sim wi' wean,
 That liv'd in Achmacalla:
 ' He gat *hemp-feed**, I mind it weel,
 ' An' he made unco light o't;
 ' But monie a day was *by himsel*,
 ' He was sae fairly frightened,

' That vera night.'

XVII.

'Then up gat fechtin Jamie Fleck,
 An' he swoor by his conscience,
 That he could *saw hemp-feed* a peck;
 For it was a' but nonsense:
 The auld guidman raught down the poek;
 An' out a handfu' gied him;

* Steal out unperceived, and sow a handful of hemp-feed, harrowing it with any thing you can conveniently draw after you. Repeat, now and then, "Hemp-feed I saw thee, Hemp-feed I saw thee; and him (or her) that is to be my true love, come after me and pou thee." Look over your left shoulder, and you will see the appearance of the person invoked in the attitude of pulling hemp. Some traditions say, "Come a'ter me and shaw thee," that is show thyself; in which case it simply appears. Others omit the harrowing, and say, "Come after me and harrow thee."

He bad him slip frae 'mang the folk,
Some time when nae ane seed him,
An' try't that night.

XVIII.

He marches thro' amang the stacks,
Tho' he was something flurting;
He graip he for a *harrow* tak,
An' hauls at his curpin:
And ev'ry now an' then, he says,
Hemp-seed I saw thee,
An' her that is to be my lass
Come after me an' draw thee
As fast that night.

XIX.

He whistled up Lord Lenox' march,
To keep his courage cheary;
Tho' his hair began to arch,
He was 'fae fley'd an' eerie:
All presently he hears a squeak,
An' then a grane an' gruntle;
By his shouther gae a keek,
An' tumbl'd wi' a winkle
Out owre that night.

XX.

He roar'd a horrid murder-shout,
In dreadfu' desperation!
An' young an' auld come rinnin out,
An' hear the sad narration:

He swoor 'twas hilchin Jean M'Craw,
 Or crouchie Merran Humphie,
 Till stop! she trotted thro' them a';
 An' wha was it but *Grumphie*

Asteer that night!

XXI.

Meg fain wad to the *Barn* gaen,
 To *winn three wechts o' naething**;
 But for to meet the Deil her lane,
 She pat but little faith in:-
 She gies the Herd a pickle nits,
 An' twa red cheekit apples,
 To watch, while for the Barn she fets,
 In hopes to see Tam Kipples
 That vara night.

XXII.

She turns the key, wi' cannie thraw,
 An' owre the threshold ventures;
 But first on Sawnie gies a ca',
 Syne bauldly in she enters:-

* This charm must likewise be performed unperceiv-
 alone. You go to the Barn, and open both doors, taking
 off the hinges, if possible; for there is danger, that the
 about to appear, may shut the doors, and do you some mi-
 Then take that instrument used in winnowing the corn,
 in our country dialect, we call a *Wacht*, and go thro'
 attitudes of letting down Corn against the wind. Re-
 three times; and the third time an apparition will pass
 the Barn, in at the windy door, and out at the other,
 both the figure in question, and the appearance or re-
 marking the employment or Station in life.

A rattle, rattl'd up the wa',
 An' she cry'd, L—d preserve her!
 An' ran thro' midden-hole an' a',
 And pray'd wi' zeal an' fervour,
 Fu' fast that night.

XXIII.

They hoy't out Will, wi' fair advice;
 They hecht him some fine braw ane;
 It chanc'd the *Stack* he *faddom't thrice**,
 Was timmer-propt for thrawin:
 He taks a swirlie, auld mofs-oak,
 For some black, groufome Carlin;
 An' loot a winze, an' drew a stroke,
 Till skin in blypes cam haurlin
 Aff's nieves that night.

XXIV.

A wanton widow Leezie was,
 As kantie as a kittlin;
 But, Och! that night, amang the shaws,
 She got a fearfu' settlin!
 She thro' the whins, an' by the cairn,
 An' owre the hill gaed screevin,

* Take an opportunity of going, unnoticed, to a Bere-slack, and fathom it three times round. The last fathom of the last time, you will catch in your arms the appearance of your future conjugal yoke-fellow.

Where *three Lairds' lands met at a burn* *,
 To dip her left fark-sleeve in,
 Was bent that night.

XXV.

Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,
 As thro' the glen it wimpl't ;
 Whyles round a rocky scar it strays ;
 Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't ;
 Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays
 Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle ;
 Whyles cookit underneath the braes,
 Below the spreading hazle,
 Unseen that night.

XXVI.

Amang the brachens on the brae
 Between her an' the moon,
 The Deil, or else an outler Quay
 Gat up an gied a croon :
 Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool ;
 Near lav'rock-height she jumpit,
 But mist a fit an' in the Pool
 Out-owre the lugs she plumpit,
 Wi' a plunge that night.

* You go out, one or more, for this is a social spell, to a south-running spring or rivulet, where "three Lairds' lands meet," and dip your left shirt sleeve. Go to bed in sight of a fire, and hang your wet sleeve before it to dry. Lie awake; and sometime near midnight, an apparition, having the exact figure of the grand object in question, will come and turn the sleeve, as if to dry the other side of it.

XXVII.

In order, on the clean hearth-flane,
 The *Luggies* three * are ranged ;
 An' ev'ry time great care is ta'en
 To see them duiy changed :
 Auld uncle John, wha wedlock's joys
 Sin' *Mar's-year* did desire,
 Because he gat the toom dish thrice,
 He heav'd them on the fire,

In wrath that night:

XXVIII.

Wi' merry sangs, and friendly cracks,
 I wat they did na weary ;
 And unco tales, an' funnie-jokes,
 Their sports were cheap and cheary :
 Till *butter'd So'ns* †, wi' fragrant lunt,
 Set a' their gabs a steerin ;
 Syne, wi' a social glafs o' strunt,
 They parted aff careerin

Fu' blythe that night.

* Take three dishes; put clean water in one, foul water in another, and leave the third empty : blindfold a person, and lead him to the hearth where the dishes are ranged ; he (or she) dips the left hand ; if by chance in the clean water, the future husband or wife will come to the bar of Matrimony a maid ; if in the foul, a widow ; if in the empty dish, it foretells, with equal certainty, no marriage at all. It is repeated three times ; and every time the arrangement of the dishes is altered.

† Sowens, with butter instead of milk to them, is always the *Halloween Supper*.

T H E

A U L D F A R M E R ' s
NEW-YEAR MORNING SALUTATION

T O H I S

A U L D M A R E , M A G G I E ,

*On giving her the accustomed Ripp of Corn to hae
in the New-Year.*

A GUID New-Year I wish thee, Maggie!
Hae, there's a ripp to thy auld baggie :
Tho' thou's how-backit, now, an' knaggie,
I've seen the day
Thou could hae gaen like ony staggie
Out-owre the lay.

Tho' now thou's dowie, ~~stiff~~, an' crazy,
An' thy auld hide as white's a daifie,
I've seen thee dappl't, sleek an' glaizie,
A bonie gray :
He should been tight that daur't to raise thee,
Ance in a day.

Thou ance was i' the foremost rank,
 A *filly* buirdly, steeve, an' swank,
 An' set weel down a shapely shank
 As e'er tread yird ;
 An' could hae flown out owre a stank
 Like onie bird.

It's now some nine-an'-twenty year,
 Sin' thou was my Guid-father's *Meerg* ;
 He gied me thee, o' tocher clear,
 An' fifty mark ;
 Tho' it was sma', 'twas weel-won gear,
 An' thou was slark.

When first I gaed to woo my *Jenny*,
 Ye then was trottin wi' your *Minnie* ;
 Tho' ye was trickie, sleet an' funnie,
 Ye ne'er was donsie ;
 But hamely, tawie, quiet, an' cannie,
 An' unco sonsie.

That day, ye pranc'd wi' muckle pride,
 When ye bure hame my bonie *Bride* ;
 An' sweet an' gracefu' she did ride,
 Wi' maiden air !
Kyle-Stewart I could bragged wide,
 For sic a pair.

Tho' now ye dow but hoyte and hoble,
 An' wintle like a faumont-coble,

That day, ye was a jinker noble,

For heels an' win'!

An' ran them till they a' did wauble,

Far, far behind !

When thou an' I were young an' skiegh,

An' stable-meals at fairs were driegh,

How thou wad prance, an' snore, an' skriegh,

An' tak the road!

Town's-bodies ran, an' flood abiegh,

An' ca't thee mad.

When thou was corn't, an' I was mellow,

We took the road ay like a fwallow :

At *Brooks* thou had ne'er a fellow,

For pith an' speed ;

But ev'ry tail thou pay't them hollow,

Where'er thou gaed.

The sma', droop rump'l't, hunter cattle,

Might aiblins waur't thee for a brattle,

But fax Scotch miles thou try't their mettle,

An' gart them whaizle :

Nae whip nor spur, but just a wattle

O' faugh or hazle,

Thou was a noble *Fittie-lan'*,

As e'er in tug or tow was drawn !

Aft thee an' I, in aught hours gaun,

On guid March-weather,

ae turn'd sax rood beside our han',
For days thegither.

Thou never braindg't, an' fetch't, an' fliskit,
at thy auld tail thou wad hae whiskit,
an' spread abreed' thy weel fill'd brisket,
Wi' pith an' power,
ill spritty knowes wad rair't an' risket,
An' slypet owre.

When frosts lay lang, an' snaws were deep,
an' threaten'd labor back to keep,
gied thy cog a wee-bit heap
Aboon the timmer;
ken'd my *Maggie* wad na sleep
For that, or Simmer-

In cart or car thou never reefit;
ae steyest brae thou wad hae fac't it:
thou never lap, an' sten't, an' breastit,
Then stood to blaw;
at just thy step a wee thing hastit,
Thou snoov't awa.

My *pleugh* is now thy bairntime a';
our gallant brutes as e'er did draw;
orby sax mae I've-fell't awa,
That thou hast nurst;
they drew me thretteen pund an' twa,
The vera warst,

Monie a fair daurk we twa hae wrought,
 An' wi' the weary, warl' fought;
 An' monie an anxious day I thought
 We wad be beat!
 Yet here to crazy age we're brought,
 Wi' something yet.

An' think na', my auld trusty servan',
 That now perhaps thou's less deservin',
 An' thy auld days may end in starvin',
 For my last *fow*,
 A heapit *Stimpert*, I'll reserve ane
 Laid by for you.

We've worn to crazy years thegither;
 We'll toyte about wi' ane anither!
 Wi' tenie care I'll flit thy tether
 To some hain'd rig,
 Whare ye may nobly rax your leather,
 Wi' sma' fatigue.

T H E

C O T T E R's

SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO R. A****, Esq.

*Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor Grandeur bear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the Poor.*

GRAY.

I.

MY lov'd, my honour'd much respected friend !

No mercenary Bard his homage pays ;

With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end,

My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise :

To you I sing, in simple *Scottish* lays,

The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene,

The native feelings strong, the guileless ways,

What A**** in a Cottage would have been ;

Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there I
ween !

II.

November chill blaws loud wi' angry fugh ;

The short'ning winter-day is near a close ;

The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh ;

The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose :

The toil-worn *Cotter* frae his labor goes,

This night his weekly moil is at an end,

Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,

Hoping the *morn* in ease and rest to spend,

And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward
bend,

III.

At length his lonely Cot appears in view,

Beneath the shelter of an aged tree ;

Th' expectant *wee-things*, toddlin, stacher through

To meet their Dad, wi' slichterin noise and glee,

His wee-bit ingle blinkin bonilie,

His clean hearth stane, his thrifty *Wife's* smile,

The hisping infant, prattling on his knee,

Does a' his weary kiaugh and care beguile,

And makes him quite forget his labour and his toil.

IV.

Belyve, the elder bairns come drappin in,

At service out amang the Farmers roun' ;

Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin

A cannie errand to a neebor town :

Their eldest hope, their *Jenny*, woman-grown,

In youthfu' bloom, Love sparkling in her e'e,

Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new gowd,

Or deposite her fair-won penny-fee,

To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

V.

With joy unfeign'd, brothers and sisters meet,
 And each for other's welfare kindly spiers ;
 The social hours, swift wing'd unnotic'd fleet ;
 Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears.
 The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years ;
 Anticipation forward points the view ;
 The *Mother*, wi' her needle and her sheers,
 Gars auld claes look amais't as weel's the new ;
 The *Father* mixes a' wi' admonition due.

VI.

Their Master's and their Mistress's command
 The yonkers a' are warn'd to obey ;
 And mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,
 And ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play ;
 ' And O ! be sure to fear the Lord alway !
 ' And mind your *duty*, duely, morn an' night !
 ' Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
 ' Implore his counsel and assisting might :
 ' They never saught in vain that saught the LORD
 ' a'right.'

VII.

But hark ! a rap comes gently to the door,
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same, .
 Tells how a neebor lad came o'er the moor,
 To do some errands, and convoy her hame, .
 The wily mother sees the conscious flame
 Sparkle in *Jenny's* e'e, and flush her cheek,
 With heart-struck, anxious care, enquires his name,

While *Jenny* haffins is afraid to speak ;
Weel pleas'd the Mother hears, it's nae wild worth-
less rake.

VIII.

With kindly welcome *Jenny* brings him ben ;
A strappan youth ; he takes the Mother's eye ;
Blythe *Jenny* sees the visit's no ill ta'en ;
The Father cracks o' horses, pleughs, and kye.
The Youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
But blate an' laithfu', scarce can weel behave ;
The Mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sa grave ;
Weel-pleas'd to think her *bairn's* respected like the
lave.

IX.

O happy love! where love like this is found !
O heart-felt raptures! blifs beyond compare !
'Tve paced much, this weary *mortal round*,
And sage *Experience* bids me this declare—
' If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
' One cordial in this melancholy Vale,
' 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest Pair,
' In other's arms, breathe out the tender tale,
' Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev'ning
' gale.'

X.

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—
A Wretch! a Villain! lost to love and truth!
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,

Betray sweet *Jenny's* unsuspecting youth ?
 Curse on his perjur'd arts ! dissembling smooth !
 Are Honour, Virtue, Conscience, all exil'd ?
 Is there no Pity, no relenting Ruth,
 Points to the Parents fondling o'er their Child ?
 Then paints the ruin'd Maid, and their distraction
 wild !

XI.

But now the Supper crowns their simple board,
 The healsome *Porritch*, chief of *Scotia's* food :
 The soup their only *Hawkie* does afford,
 That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood :
 The dame brings forth, in complimentary mood,
 To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck-fell,
 And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it guid ;
 The frugal Wifie, garrulous, will tell,
 How 'twas a towmond auld fin' Lint was i' the bell.

XII.

The chearfu' Supper done, wi' serious face,
 They, round the ingle, form a circle wide ;
 The Sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace,
 The big *ba'-Bible*, ance his Father's pride :
 His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
 His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare ;
 Those strains that once did sweet in *Zion* glide,
 He wales a portion with judicious care ;
 ' And let us worship God ! ' he says, with solemn air.

XIII.

They chaunt their artless notes in simple guise ;
 They tune their hearts by far the noblest aim :
 Perhaps *Dundee's* wild-warbling measures rise,

Or plaintive *Martyrs* worthy of the name ;
 Or noble *Elgin* beets the heaven-ward flame,
 The sweetest far of *Scotia's* holy lays :
 Compar'd with these, Italian thrills are tame ;
 The tickl'd ears no heart-felt raptures raise ;
 Nae unison hae they with our *Creator's* praise.

XIV.

The priest-like Father reads the sacred page,
 How *Abram* was the *Friend* of God on high ;
 Or, *Moses* bade eternal warfare wage
 With *Amaleck's* ungracious progeny ;
 Or how the royal *Bard* did groaning lye,
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire ;
 Or *Job's* pathetic plaint, and wailing cry ;
 Or rapt *Isaiab's* wild, seraphic fire ;
 Or other Holy Seers that tune the sacred lyre.

XV.

Perhaps the *Christian Volume* is the theme,
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed ;
 How *He*, who bore in Heaven the second name,
 Had not on Earth whereon to lay His head :
 How His first followers and servants sped ;
 The Precepts sage they wrote to many a land :
 How *he*, who lone in *Patmos* banished,
 Saw in the sun a mighty Angel stand,
 And heard great *Bab'lon's* doom pronounc'd by Hea-
 v'n's command.

Then kneeling down to HEAVEN'S ETERNAL KING,
 The *Saint*, the *Father*, and the *Husband* prays :
 Hope, ' springs exulting on triumphant wing *,'
 That *thus* they all shall meet in future days :
 They ever bask in uncreated rays,
 No more to sigh or shed the bitter tear,
 Together hymning their *Creator's* praise,
 In such society, yet still more dear ;
 While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere.

XVII.

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride,
 In all the pomp of method, and of art,
 When men display to congregations wide
 Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the *heart* !
 The *Power* incens'd, the Pageant will desert,
 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole ;
 But haply in some *Cottage* far apart,
 May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the Soul ;
 And in his *Book of Life* the Inmates poor enroll.

XVIII.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way ;
 The youngling Cottagers retire to rest :
 The Parent pair their *secret homage* pay,
 And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,
 That *He* who fills the raven's clamorous nest,

* Pope's Windsor Forest.

And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
 Would, in the way His Wisdom sees the best,
 For them and for their little ones provide ;
 But chiefly, in their hearts with Grace divine preside.

XIX.

From scenes like these old *Scotia's* grandeur springs,
 That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad :
 Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
 ' An honest man's the noblest work of God :'
 And *certainly*, in fair Virtue's heavenly road,
 The *Cottage* leaves the *Palace* far behind :
 What is a lordling's pomp ? a cumbrous load,
 Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
 Studied in arts of Hell, in wickedness refin'd !

XX.

O *Scotia* ! my dear, my native soil !
 For whom my warmest wish to heaven is sent !
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil,
 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content !
 And, O ! may heaven their simple lives prevent
 From Luxury's contagion, weak and vile !
 Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
 A virtuous *Populace* may rise the while,
 And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd *Isle*.

XXI.

O *Thou!* who pour'd the patriotic tide,
 That stream'd thro' great, unhappy *Wallace'* heart;
 Who dar'd to, nobly, stem tyrannic pride,
 Or nobly die, the second glorious part:
 (The Patriot's *God* peculiarly thou art,
 His friend, inspirer, guardian, 'and reward!)
 O never, never *Scotia's* realm desert,
 But still the *Patriot*, and the *Patriot-Bard*,
 In bright succession raise, her Ornament and guard.

T O A

M O U S E,

*On turning her up in her Nest, with the Plough,
November 1785.*

W E E, sleekit, cowerin, tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie !
Thou need na start awa fae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle !
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee
Wi' murd'ring pattle !

I'm truly sorry Man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion,
Which makes thee startle,
At me, thy poor, earth born companion,
An' fellow-mortal !

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve ;
What then ? poor beastie, thou maun live !
A daimen-icker in a thrave
'S a sma' request ;

I'll get a blessin' wi' the lave,

An' never mis's't !

Thy wee-bit housie, too, in ruin !

It's silly wa's the win's are strewin !

An' naething, now, to big a new ane,

O' foggage green !

An' bleak December's winds ensuin,

Baith snell an' keen !

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,

An' weary Winter comin fast,

An' cozie here, beneath the blast,

Thou thought to dwell,

Till crash ! the cruel Coulter pass

Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,

Has cost thee monie a weary nibble !

Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,

But house or hald,

To thole the Winter's sleety dribble,

An' cranreuch cauld !

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,

In proving *foresight* may be vain :

The best-laid schemes o' *Mice* an *Men*

Gang aft a-gley,

An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,

For promis'd joy !

Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me!
 The present only toucheth thee :
 But, Och ! I backward cast my e'e
 On prospects drear !
 An' forward, tho' I canna see,
 I guess an' fear !

A .

WINTER NIGHT.

*For naked wretches, wherefoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this piteous storm!
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these——*

SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN biting *Boreas*, fell and dour,
Sharp shivers thro' the leafless bow'r;
When *Phæbus* gies a short-liv'd glow'r,
Far south the list,
Dim-dark'ning thro' the flaky show'r,
Or whirling drift.

As night the storm the steeples rocked,
Poor Labour sweet in sleep was locked,
While burns, wi' snawy wreaths up-choked,
Wild-eddying swirl,
Or thro' the mining outlet bocked,
Down headlong hurl.

Lift'ning, the doors an' winnocks ratt[e],
I thought me on the ourie cattle,
Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle

O' winter war,
And thro' the drift, deep-lairing, sprattle,
Beneath a scar.

Ilk happing bird, wee helpless thing!
That, in the merry months o' Spring,
Delighted me to hear thee sing.

What comes o' thee?
Whare wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing?
An' clofe thy e'e?

Ev'n you on murd'ring errands toil'd,
Lone from your savage homes exil'd,
The blood-stain'd roost, and sheep-cote spoil'd,
My heart forgets,
While pityless the tempest wild
Sore on you beats,

Now *Phæbe*, in her midnight reign,
Dark-muff'd, view'd the dreary plain;
Still crouding thoughts, a pensive train,
Rose in my soul,
When on my ear this plaintive strain,
Slow-solemn, stole—

' Blow, blow, ye Winds, with heavier gust!
' And freeze, thou bitter biting Frost!

- ' Descend, ye chilly, smothering Snows !
 ' Not all your rage, as now, united shows
 ' More hard unkindness, unrelenting,
 Vengeful malice, unrepenting,
 ' Than heaven-illumin'd Man on brother Man
 ' bestows !
 ' See stern Oppression's iron grip,
 ' Or mad Ambition's gory hand,
 ' Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip,
 ' Woe, Want, and Murder o'er a land !
 ' Ev'n in the peaceful rural vale,
 Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale.
 ' How pamper'd Luxury, Flatt'ry by her side,
 ' The parasite empoisoning her ear,
 ' With all the servile wretches in the rear,
 ' Looks o'er proud Property extended wide ;
 ' And eyes the simple, rustic Hind,
 ' Whose toil upholds the glitt'ring show,
 ' A creature of another kind,
 ' Some coarser substance unrefin'd,
 ' Plac'd for her lordly use thus far, thus vile, below !

 ' Where, where is Love's fond tender throe,
 ' With lordly Honor's lofty brow,
 ' The pow'rs you proudly own ?
 ' Is there, beneath Love's noble name,
 ' Can harbour, dark, the selfish aim,
 ' To bless himself alone !

' Mark Maiden-innocence a prey
 ' To love pretending snares,
 ' This boasted Honor turns away,
 ' Shunning soft Pity's rising sway;
 ' Regardless of the tears and unavailing pray'rs!
 ' Perhaps, this hour, in Mis'ry's squalid nest,
 ' She strains your infant to her joyless breast,
 ' And with a Mother's fears shrinks at the rocking
 ' blast !

' Oh, ye! who, sunk in beds of down,
 ' Feel not a want but what yourselves create,
 ' Think, for a moment, on his wretched fate,
 ' Whom friends and fortune quite disown!
 ' Ill-satisfy'd, keen Nature's clam'rous call,
 ' Stretch'd on his straw he lays himself to sleep,
 ' While thro' the ragged roof and chinky wall,
 ' Chill, o'er his slumbers, piles the drift'ry heap!
 ' Think on the dungeon's grim confine,
 ' Where Guilt and poor Misfortune pine!
 ' Guilt, erring Man, relenting view!
 ' But shall thy legal rage pursue
 ' The Wretch, already crush'd low
 ' By cruel Fortune's undeserved blow?
 ' Affliction's sons are brothers in distress;
 ' A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss!'

I heard nae mair, for *Chanticleer*
 Shook off the pouthery snaw,

And hail'd the morning with a cheer,

A cottage rousing crew.

But deep this truth impress'd my mind—

Thro' all his works abroad,

The heart benevolent and kind

The most resembles God.

E P I S T L E

T O

D A V I E,

A BROTHER POET.

January—

I.

WHILE winds frae off *Ben-Lomond* blaw,
 And bar the doors wi' driving snaw,
 And hing us owre the ingle,
 I fet me down to pass the time
 And spin a verse or twa' o' rhyme,
 In hamely, westlin jingle.
 While frosty winds blaw in the drift,
 Ben to the chimla lug,
 I grudge a wee the Great-folk's gift,
 That live sae bien an' snug :
 I tent less, and want less
 Their roomy fire-side ;
 But hanker, and canker,
 To see their cursed pride.

II.

It's hardly in a body's pow'r,
 To keep, at times, frae being sour,
 To see how things are shar'd ;
 How best o' chiefs are whyles in want,
 While Coofs on countless thousands rant,
 And ken na how to wair't :
 But *Davie*, lad, ne'er fash your head,
 Tho' we hae little gear,
 We're fit to win our daily bread,
 As lang's we're hale and fier :
 " Mair spier na, nor fear na"*,
 Auld age ne'er mind a feg ;
 The last o't, the worst o't,
 Is only but to beg.

III.

To lie in kilns and barns at e'en,
 When banes are craz'd, and bluid is thin,
 Is, doubtless, great distress !
 Yet then content could make us blest ;
 Ev'n then, sometimes, we'd snatch a taste
 O' truest happiness,
 The honest heart that's free frae a'
 Intended fraud or guile,
 However Fortune kick the ba',
 Has ay some cause to smile :
 An' mind still you'll find still
 A comfort that's nae sma',
 Nae mair then we'll care then,
 Nae farther we can fa'.

H

* Ramsey.

What tho', like Commoners of air,
 We wander out, we know not where,
 But either house or hal' ?
 Yet Nature's charms the hills and woods,
 The sweeping vales and foaming floods,
 Are free alike to all.
 In days when Daifies deck the ground,
 And Blackbirds whistle clear,
 With honest joy our hearts will bound,
 To see the coming year :
 On breas when we please, then,
 We'll fit and fowth a tune ;
 Syne *rhyme* till't, we'll time till't,
 An' sing't when we hae done.

V.

It's no in titles nor in rank ;
 It's no in wealth like Lon'on Bank,
 To purchase peace and rest ;
 It's no in makin muckle, *mair* :
 It's no in books, it's no in lear,
 To mak us truly blest :
 If Happinefs hae not her seat
 And centre in the breast,
 We may be wise, or rich, or great,
 But never can be blest :
 Nae treasures nor pleasures
 Could make us happy lang ;
 The *heart* ay's the part ay
 That makes us right or wrang.

IV.

Think ye, that sick as you and I,
 Wha drudge and drive thro' wet and dry,
 Wi' never ceasing toil ;
 Think ye are we less blest than they,
 Wha scarcely tent us in their way,
 As hardly worth their while ?
 Alas ! how aft, in haughty mood,
 God's creatures they oppress !
 Or else, neglecting a' that's guid,
 They riot in excess !
 Baith careless and fearless
 Of either Heaven or Hell ;
 Esteeming, and deeming
 It's a' an idle tale !

VII.

Then let us chearfu' acquiesce,
 Nor make our scanty Pleasures less,
 By pining at our state :
 And, ev'n should Misfortunes come,
 Here wha sit hae met wi' some,
 An's thankfu' for them yet.
 They gie the wit o' Age to Youth ;
 They let us ken oursel ;
 They make us see the naked truth,
 The *real* guid and ill.
 Tho' losses and crosses
 Be lessons right severe,
 There's wit there, ye'll get there,
 Ye'll find nae other where.

VIII.

But tent me, *Davie*, Ace o' Hearts!
 (To say aught less wad wrang the cartes,
 And flatt'ry I detest)

This life has joys for you and I,
 And joys that riches ne'er could buy,
 And joys the very best.

There's a' the *Pleasures o' the Heart*,
 The Lover an' the Frien';
 Ye hae your *Meg*, your dearest part,
 And I my darling *Jean*!

It warms me, it charms me,
 To mention but her *name*;

It heats me, it beets me,
 And sets me a' on flame!

IX.

O all you Pow'rs who rule above!
 O *Thou*, whose very self art *love*!
Thou know'st my words sincere!
 The life-blood streaming thro' my heart,
 Or my more dear Immortal part,
 Is not more fondly dear!

When heart-corroding care and grief
 Deprive my soul of rest,
 Her dear idea brings relief,
 And solace to my breast.

Thou Being, All-seeing,
 O hear my fervent pray'r!
 Still take her, and make her
Thy most peculiar care!

X.

hail ! ye tender feeling dear !
 smile of love, the friendly tear,
 the sympathetick glow !
 since, this world's thorny ways
 number'd out my weary days,
 had it not been for you !
 still has blest me with a friend,
 every care and ill ;
 oft a more endearing band,
 tie more tender still.
 It lightens, it brightens,
 The tenebrific scene,
 To meet with, and greet with
 My *Davie*, or my *Jean* !

XI.

how that *name* inspires my style !
 words come skelpin, rank and file,
 amain before I ken !
 ready measure rins as fine,
 Phœbus and the famous Nine
 Were glowrin owre my pen.
 spaviet *Pegasus* will limp,
 till ance he's fairly het ;
 and then he'll hilch, and stilt, and jimp,
 And rin an unco fit :
 But least then the beast then
 Should rue this hasty ride,
 Ill light now, and dight now
 His sweaty, wizen'd hide.

[150]

T H E

L A M E N T

O C C A S I O N E D B Y

T H E U N F O R T U N A T E I S S U E

O F A

F R I E N D ' s A M O U R .

*Alas ! how oft does Goodness wound itself !
And sweet Affection prove the spring of Woe !*

HOMER

I.

O THOU pale Orb, that silent shines,
While care-untroubled mortals sleep !
Thou seest a Wretch, who inly pines,
And wanders here to wail and weep !
With Woe I nightly vigils keep,
Beneath thy wan, unwarming beam ;
And mourn, in lamentation deep,
How life and love are all a dream !

II.

I joyless view thy rays adorn
 The faintly marked, distant hill :
 I joyless view thy trembling horn,
 Reflected in the gurgling rill.
 My fondly-fluttering heart, be still !
 Thou busy pow'r, Remembrance, cease !
 Ah ! must the agonizing thrill
 For ever bar returning Peace !

III.

No idly-feign'd, poetic pains,
 My sad, love-lorn lamentings claim :
 No shepherd's pipe—Arcadian strains ;
 No fabled tortures, quaint and tame ;
 The plighted faith ; the mutual flame ;
 The oft-attested Pow'rs above ;
 The *promis'd Father's tender name* :
 These were the pledges of my love.

IV.

Encircled in her clasping arms,
 How have the raptur'd moments flown !
 How have I wish'd for Fortune's charms,
 For her dear sake, and her's alone !
 And, must I think it ! is she gone,
 My secret heart's exulting boast ?
 And does she heedless hear my groan ?
 And is she ever, ever lost ?

V.

Oh! can she bear so base a heart,
 So lost to Honor, lost to Truth,
 As from the fondest lover part,
 The plighted husband of her youth?
 Alas! Life's path may be unsmooth!
 Her way may lie thro' rough distress!
 Then, who her pangs and pains will soothe,
 Her sorrows share and make them less?

VI.

Ye winged Hours that o'er us pass,
 Enraptur'd more, the more enjoy'd,
 Your dear remembrance in my breast,
 My fondly-treasur'd thoughts employ'd,
 That breast, how dreary now, and void,
 For her too scanty once of room!
 Ev'n ev'ry ray of Hope destroy'd,
 And not a *Wisp* to gild the gloom!

VII.

The morn that warns th' approaching day,
 Awakes me up to toil and woe;
 I see the hours, in long array,
 That I must suffer, ling'ring, flow.
 Full many a pang, and many a throe,
 Keen Recollection's direful train,
 Must wring my soul, 'ere Phœbus, low,
 Shall kiss the distant, western main.

VIII.

And when my nightly couch I try,
 Sore-harass'd out with care and grief,

My toil-beat nerves, and tear-worn eye,
 Keep watchings with the nightly thief :
 Or if I slumber, Fancy, chief,
 Reigns, haggard-wild, in fore affright :
 Ev'n day, all-bitter, brings relief
 From such a horror-breathing night.

IX.

O! thou bright Queen, who, o'er th' expanse,
 Now highest reign'st, with boundless sway!
 Oft has thy silent-marking glance
 Observ'd us, fondly-wand'ring, stray!
 The time, unheeded, sped away,
 While Love's luxurious pulse beat high,
 Beneath thy silver-gleaming ray,
 To mark the mutual-kindling eye.

X.

Oh! scenes in strong remembrance set!
 Scenes, never, never to return!
 Scenes, if in stupor I forget,
 Again I feel, again I burn!
 From ev'ry joy and pleasure torn,
 Life's weary vale I'll wander thro';
 And hopeless, comfortless, I'll mourn
 A faithless woman's broken vow.

D E S P O N D E N C Y.

A N O D E.

I.

OPPRESS'D with grief, oppress'd with care,
 A burden more than I can bear,
 I set me down and sigh :
 O Life ! thou art a galling load,
 A long, a rough, a weary road,
 To wretches such as I !
 Dim-backward as I cast my view,
 What sick'ning Scenes appear !
 What Sorrows *yet* may pierce me thro',
 Too justly I may fear !
 Still caring, despairing,
 Must be my bitter doom ;
 My woes here shall close ne'er,
 But with the closing tomb.

II.

Happy ! ye sons of Busy-life,
 Who, equal to the bustling strife,
 No other view regard !
 Ev'n when the wished *end's* deny'd,
 Yet while the busy *means* are ply'd,
 They bring their own reward :

Whilst I, a hope-abandon'd wight,
 Unfitted with an *aim*,
 Meet ev'ry sad returning night,
 And joyless morn the same.
 You, bustling and jussling,
 Forget each grief and pain;
 I, listless, yet restless,
 Find ev'ry prospect vain.

III.

How blest the Solitary's lot,
 Who, all-forgetting, all-forgot,
 Within his humble cell,
 The cavern wild with tangling roots,
 Sits o'er his newly gather'd fruits,
 Beside his crystal well!
 Or haply, to his ev'ning thought,
 By unfrequented stream,
 The ways of men are distant brought,
 A faint-collected dream:
 While praising, and raising
 His thoughts to heav'n on high,
 As wand'ring, meand'ring,
 He views the solemn sky.

IV.

Than I, no lonely Hermit plac'd
 Where never human footstep trac'd,
 Less fit to play the part,
 The lucky moment to improve,
 And *just* to stop, and *just* to move,
 With self-respecting art:

But ah ! those pleasures, Loves and Joys,
 Which I too keenly taste,
 The *Solitary* can despise,
 Can want, and yet be blest !
 He needs not, he heeds not,
 Or human love or hate ;
 Whilst I here must cry here
 At perfidy ingrate !

V.

Oh ! enviable, early days,
 When dancing thoughtless pleasure's maze,
 To Care, to Guilt unknown !
 How ill exchange'd for riper times,
 To feel the follies, or the crimes,
 Of others, or my own !
 Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport,
 Like linnets in the bush,
 Ye little know the ills ye court,
 When manhood is your wish !
 The losses, the crosses,
 That *active man* engage ;
 The fears all, the tears all,
 Of dim declining *Age* !

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

A D I R G E.

I.

W H E N chill November's furly blast
 Made fields and forests bare,
 One ev'ning, as I wander'd forth
 Along the banks of *Ayr*,
 I spy'd a man, whose aged step
 Seem'd weary, worn with care;
 His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
 And hoary was his hair.

II.

Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou,
 Began the rev'rend Sage;
 Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
 Or youthful Pleasure's rage?
 Or haply, prest with cares and woes,
 Too soon thou hast began
 To wander forth with me, to mourn
 The miseries of Man.

III.

The Sun that overhangs yon moors,
 Out-spreading far and wide,
 Where hundreds labour to support.
 A haughty lordling's pride ;
 I've seen yon weary winter-sun.
 Twice forty times return ;
 And ev'ry time has added proofs,
 That Man was made to mourn.

IV.

O Man ! while in thy early years,
 How prodigal of time ;
 Mispending all thy precious hours,
 Thy glorious, youthful prime !
 Alternate follies take the sway ;
 Licentious Passions burn ;
 Which tenfold force give Nature's law,
 That Man was made to mourn.

V.

Look not alone on youthful prime,
 Or Manhood's active might ;
 Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported is his right :
 But see him on the edge of life,
 With Cares and Sorrows worn,
 Then Age and Want, Oh ! ill match'd pair !
 Show Man was made to mourn.

VI.

A few seem favourites of Fate,
 In Pleasure's lap carest ;

think not all the Rich and Great
Are likewise truly blest.

Oh! what crouds in ev'ry land,
All wretched and forlorn,
Who' weary life this lesson learn,
That Man was made to mourn.

VII.

Many and sharp the num'rous Ills
Inwoven with our frame!
More pointed still we make ourselves,
Regret, Remorse, and Shame!
And Man, whose heav'n-crested face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to Man
Makes countless thousands mourn!

VIII.

See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil;
And see his lordly *fellow-worm*
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn.

IX.

I'm design'd yon lordling's slave,
By Nature's law design'd,
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind?

If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty, or scorn?
Or why has Man the will and pow'r
To make his fellow mourn?

X.

Yet, let not this too much, my Son,
Disturb thy youthful breast:
This partial view of human-kind
Is surely not the *last*!
The poor, oppressed, honest man,
Had never, sure; been born,
Had there not been some recompense
To comfort those that mourn!

XI.

O Death! the poor man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best!
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest!
The Great, the Wealthy fear thy blow,
From pomp and pleasure torn;
But, Oh! a blest relief to those
That weary-laden mourn!

W I N T E R.

A D I R G E.

I.

THE Wintry West extends his blast,
 And hail and rain does blaw ;
 Or, the stormy North sends driving forth
 The blinding fleet and snaw :
 While, tumbling brown, the Burn comes down,
 And roars frae bank to brae ;
 And bird and beast in covert rest,
 And pass the heartless day.

II.

"The sweeping blast, the sky o'ercastr *,"
 The joyless Winter day,
 Let others fear, to me more dear
 Than all the pride of May :
 The Tempest's howl, it soothes my soul,
 My griefs it seems to join ;
 The leafless trees my fancy please,
 Their fate resembles mine !

* Dr. Young.

III.

Thou *Pow'r Supreme*, whose mighty Scheme
 These woes of mine fulfil,
 Here, firm, I rest, they *must* be best,
 Because they are *Thy* Will !
 Then all I want (Oh, do thou grant
 This one request of mine !)
 Since to *enjoy* Thou dost deny,
 Assist me to *resign* !

A

P R A Y E R,

I N T H E

PROSPECT OF DEATH.

I.

O THOU unknown, Almighty Cause
Of all my hope and fear !
In whose dread Presence, 'ere an hour,
Perhaps I must appear !

II.

If I have wander'd in those paths
Of life I ought to shun ;
As *Something*, loudly, in my breast,
Remonstrates I have done ;

III.

Thou know'st that Thou hast formed me
With Passions wild and strong ;
And list'ning to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong.

IV.

Where human *weakness* has come short,
 Or *frailty* stept aside,
 Do Thou, *All-Good!* for such Thou art,
 In shades of darkness hide.

V.

Where with *intention* I have err'd,
 No other Plea I have,
 But, *Thou art good!* and *Goodness* still
 Delighteth to forgive.

S T A N Z A S

ON THE SAME OCCASION.

WHY am I loth to leave this earthly scene?

Have I found it so full of pleasing charms?

Some drops of joy with drops of ill between;

Some gleams of sunshine mid renewing storms:

Is it departing pangs my soul alarms?

Or Death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode?

For guilt, for guilt, my terrors are in arms;

I tremble to approach an angry God,

And justly smart beneath his sin-avenging rod.

Fain would I say, 'Forgive my soul offence!'

Fain promise never more to disobey;

But, should my Author health again dispense,

Again I might desert fair Virtue's way;

Again in folly's path might go astray;

Again exalt the brute and sink the man;

Then how should I for Heavenly Mercy pray,

Who act so counter Heavenly Mercy's plan?

Who sin so oft have mourn'd, yet to temptation ran?

O Thou, Great Governor of all below !
 If I may dare a lifted eye to Thee,
 Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow,
 Or still the tumult of the raging sea :
 With that controuling pow'r assist ev'n me,
 Those headlong, furious passions to confine ;
 For all unfit I feel my powers be,
 To rule their torrent in th' allowed line ;
 O, aid me with Thy help, *Omnipotence Divine !*

*Lying at a Reverend Friend's house, one night, the
Author left the following Verses in the room where
he slept :—*

I.

O THOU dread Pow'r, who reign'st above,
I know Thou wilt me hear ;
When for this scene of peace and love,
I make my pray'r sincere.

II.

The hoary fire—the mortal stroke,
Long, long be pleas'd to spare ;
To bless his little filial flock,
And show what good men are.

III.

She, who her lovely Offspring eyes
With tender hopes and fears,
O bless her with a Mother's joys,
But spare a Mother's tears !

IV.

Their hope, their stay, their darling youth,
In manhood's dawning blush ;
Bless him, Thou God of love and truth,
Up to a Parent's wish.

V.

The beauteous, seraph-Sister-band
 With earnest tears I pray,
 Thou know'st the snares on ev'ry hand,
 Guide Thou their steps alway.

VI.

When soon or late they reach that coast,
 O'er life's rough ocean driven,
 May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost,
 A Family in Heaven.

T H E

F I R S T P S A L M.

T H E man, in life where-ever plac'd
 Hath happiness in store,
 Who walks not in the wicked's way,
 Nor learns their guilty lore !

Nor from the seat of scornful Pride
 Casts forth his eyes abroad,
 But with humility and awe
 Still walks before his God.

That man shall flourish like the trees
 Which by the streamlets grow ;
 The fruitful top is spread on high,
 And firm the root below.

But he whose blossom buds in guilt
 Shall to the ground be cast,
 And like the rootless stubble tost,
 Before the sweeping blast.

For why ? that God the good adore
 Hath giv'n them peace and rest,
 But hath decreed that wicked men
 Shall ne'er be truly blest.

A

P R A Y E R,

Under the Pressure of Violent Anguish.

O THOU great Being ! what Thou art,
 Surpasses me to know :
 Yet sure I am, that known to Thee
 Are all Thy works below.

Thy creature here before Thee stands,
 All wretched and distressed ;
 Yet sure those ills that wring my soul
 Obey Thy high behest.

Sure Thou, Almighty, canst not act
 From cruelty or wrath !
 O, free my weary eyes from tears,
 Or close them fast in death !

But if I must afflicted be,
 To suit some wise design ;
 Then, man my soul with firm resolves
 To bear and not repine !

THE
FIRST SIX VERSES
OF THE
NINETIETH PSALM.

O THOU, the first, the greatest friend
 Of all the human race !

Whose strong right hand has ever been
 Their stay and dwelling-place !

Before the mountains heav'd their heads
 Beneath Thy forming hand,
 Before this pond'rous globe itself
 Arose at Thy command :

That Pow'r which rais'd, and still upholds
 This universal frame,
 From countless, unbeginning time
 Was ever still the same.

Those mighty periods of years
 Which seem to us so vast,
 Appear no more before Thy sight
 Than yesterday that's past.

Thou giv'st the word ; Thy creature, man,
 Is to existence brought ;
 Again Thou say'st, ' Ye sons of men,
 ' Return ye into naught !'

Thou layest them, with all their cares,
 In everlasting sleep :
 As with a flood thou tak'st them off
 With overwhelming sweep.

They flourish like the morning flow'r,
 In beauty's 'pride array'd ;
 But long ere night cut down it lies
 All wither'd and decay'd.

TO A

MOUNTAIN DAISY.

*On turning one down with the Plough in
April 1786.*

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush among the stoure
Thy slender stem:
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonie gem,

Alas! its no thy neebor sweet
The bonie *Lark*, companion meet!
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet!
Wi' spreckl'd breast,
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
The purpling East.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting North
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet chearfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the Parent-earth
Thy tender form,

The flaunting flow'rs our Gardens yield,
 High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield;
 But thou, beneath the random bield
 O' clod or stane,
 Adorns the hiltie *sibble-field*,
 Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
 Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
 Thou lifts thy unassuming head,
 In humble guise;
 But now the *sbare* uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless Maid,
 Sweet *flow'ret* of the rural shade!
 By Love's simplicity betray'd,
 And guileless trust,
 Till she, like thee, all foil'd, is laid
 Low' i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
 On Life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
 Unskilful he to note the card
 Of *prudent Lore*,
 Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
 And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to *suffering Worth* is giv'n,
 Who long with wants and woes have striv'n,

By human pride or cunning driv'n
 To Mis'ry's brink,
 Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but *Heav'n*,
 He, ruin'd, sink !

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date ;
 Stern Ruin's *plough-share* drives, elate,
 Full on thy bloom,
 Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
 Shall be thy doom.

T O

R U I N.

I.

ALL hail! inexorable lord!
 At whose destruction-breathing word,
 The mightiest empires fall!
 Thy cruel, woe-delighted train,
 The ministers of Grief and Pain,
 A sullen welcome, all!
 With stern-resolv'd, despairing eye,
 I see each aimed dart;
 For one has cut my *dearest* tie,
 And quivers in my heart.

Then low'ring, and pouring,
 The *Storm* no more I dread;
 Tho' thick'ning, and black'ning,
 Round my devoted head.

II.

And thou grim Pow'r, by Life abhorr'd,
 While Life a *pleasure* can afford,

Oh! hear a wretch's pray'r!
 No more I shrink appall'd, afraid;
 I court, I beg thy friendly aid,
 To close this scene of care!
 When shall my soul, in silent peace,
 Resign Life's *joyless* day?
 My weary heart its throbbings cease,
 Cold-mould'ring in the clay?
 No fear more, no tear more,
 To stain my lifeless face,
 Enclasped, and grasped,
 Within thy cold embrace!

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T O

M I S S L—,

*With BEATTIE'S POEMS for a New-Year's Gift,
Jan. 1, 1787.*

AGAIN the silent wheels of time
Their annual round have driv'n,
And you, tho' scarce in maiden prime,
Are so much nearer Heav'n.

No gifts have I from Indian coasts
The Infant year to hail ;
I send you more than India boasts
In *Edwin's* simple tale.

Our Sex with guile, and faithless love,
Is charg'd, perhaps, too true ;
But may, dear Maid, each Lover prove
An *Edwin* still to you,

E P I S T L E

TO A

YOUNG FRIEND.

May—1786.

I.

I LANG hae thought, my youthfu' friend,
 A Something to have sent you,
 Tho' it should serve nae ither end
 Than just a kind *memento* ;
 But how the subject theme may gang,
 Let time and chance determine ;
 Perhaps it may turn out a Sang ;
 Perhaps, turn out a Sermon.

II.

Ye'll try the world soon, my lad,
 And *Andrew* dear, believe me,
 Ye'll find mankind an unco squad,
 And muckle they may grieve ye :
 For care and trouble set your thought,
 Ev'n when your end's attained ;
 And a' your views may come to nought,
 Where ev'ry nerve is strained.

III.

I'll no say, men are villains a' ;
 The real, harden'd wicked,
 Wha hae nae check but human law,
 Are to a few restricked :
 But Och, mankind are unco weak,
 An' little to be trusted ;
 If *Self* the wavering balance shake,
 Its rarely right adjusted !

IV.

Yet they wha fa' in Fortune's strife,
 Their fate we should na' censure,
 For still th' *important end* of life,
 They equally may answer :
 A man may hae an honest heart,
 Tho' Poortith hourly stare him ;
 A man may tak a neebor's part,
 Yet have nae *cash* to spare him.

V.

Ay free, aff han', your story tell,
 When wi' a bosom crony ;
 But still keep something to yoursel
 Ye scarcely tell to ony.
 Conceal yoursel as weel's ye can
 Frae critical dissection ;
 But keek thro' ev'ry other man,
 Wi' sharpen'd, sly inspection.

VI.

The sacred lowe o' weel-plac'd love,
 Luxuriently indulge it ;

But never tempt th' *illicit rove*,
 Tho' naething should divulge it :
 I wave the quantum o' the sin ;
 The hazard of concealing ;
 But Och ! it hardens a' within,
 And petrefies the feeling !

VII.

To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile,
 Assiduous wait upon her ;
 And gather gear by ev'ry wile
 That's justify'd by Honor :
 Not for to hide it in a hedge,
 Nor for a train attendant ;
 But for the glorious privilege
 Of being *independent*.

VIII.

The tear o' Hell's a hangman's whip,
 To haud the wretch in order ;
 But where ye feel your Honor grip
 Let that ay be your border :
 Its slightest touches, instant pause—
 Debar a' side pretences ;
 And resolutely keep its laws,
 Uncaring consequences.

IX.

The great *Creātor* to revere,
 Must sure become the *Creature* ;
 But still the preaching cant forbear,
 And ev'n the rigid feature :

Yet ne'er with Wits prophane to rage,
 Be complaisance extended;
 An Atheist laugh's a poor exchange
 For Deity offended!

X.

When ranting round in Pleasures ring,
 Religion may be blinded;
 Or if she gie a *random sting*,
 It may be little minded;
 But when on life we're tempest-driv'n,
 A conscience but a canker—
 A correspondence fix'd wi' Heav'n,
 Is sure a noble *anchor*!

XI.

Adieu, dear, amiable Youth!
 Your heart can ne'er be wanting!
 May Prudence, Fortitude, and Truth,
 Erect your brow undaunting!
 In Ploughman's phrase, 'God send you speed,'
 Still daily to grow wiser;
 And may ye better reck the *rede*,
 Than e'er did th' Adviser!

O N A

SCOTCH BARD,

GONE TO THE WEST INDIES.

A' YE wha live by fowps o' drink,
 A' ye wha live by crambo-clink,
 A' ye wha live and never think,
 Come, mourn wi' me!
 Our *Billie's* gien us a' a jink,
 An' owre the Sea.

Lament him a' ye rantin core,
 Wha dearly like a random splore;
 Nae mair he'll join the *merry roar*,
 In social key;
 For now he's taen another shore,
 An' owre the Sea!

The bonie lasses weel may wifs him,
 And in their dear *petitions* place him:
 The widows, wives, an' a' may blefs him
 Wi' tearfu' e'e;
 For weel I wat they'll fairly miss him
 That's owre the Sea!

O Fortune, they hae room to grumble !
Hadst thou taen aff some drowsy bummle,
Wha can do nought but syke an' fumble,
 'Twad been nae plea ;
But he was gleg as onie wumble,
 That's owre the Sea !

Auld, cantie *Kyle* may weepers wear,
An' stain them wi' the faut, faut tear :
'Twill mak her poor, auld heart, I fear,
In flinders flee :
He was her *Laureat* monie a year,
That's owre the Sea.

He saw Misfortune's could *Nor-west*
Lang mustering up a bitter blast ;
A Jillet brak his heart at last,
 Ill may she be !
So, took a birth afore the mast,
 An' owre the Sea.

To tremble under Fortune's cummock,
On scarce a bellyfu' o' drummock,
Wi' his proud, independent stomach,
Could ill agree ;
So, row't his hurdies in a hammock,
An' owre the Sea.

He ne'er was gien to great misguiding,
Yet coin^o his pouches wad na bide in ;

Wi' him it ne'er was *under hiding* ;
 He dealt it free :
 The Muse was a' that he took pride in,
 That's owre the Sea.

Jamaica bodies, use him weel,
 An' hap him in a cozie biel :
 Ye'll find him ay a dainty chiel,
 An' fou o' glee :
 He wad na wrang'd the vera Deil,
 That's owre the Sea.

Fareweel, my *rhyme-composing billie* !
 Your native foil was right ill-willie ;
 But may ye flourish like a lily,
 Now bonielie !
 I'll toast ye in my hindmost gillie,
 Tho' owre the Sea!

T O A

H A G G I S

FAIR fa' your honest, fonsie face;
Great Chieftan o' the Puddin' race !
Aboon them a' ye tak your place,
Painch, tripe, or thairm :
Weel are ye wordy o' a *grace*
As lang's my arm.

The groaning trencher there you fill,
Your hurdies like a distant hill,
Your *pin* wad help to mend a mill
In time o' need,
While thro' your pores the dews distil
Like amber bead.

His knife see Rustic-labour dight,
An' cut you up wi' ready sight,
Trenching your gushing entrails bright
Like onie ditch :
And then, O what a glorious sight,
Warm-reekin, rich !

Then, horn for horn they stretch an' strive,
Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive,

Till a' their wee-swall'd kytes belyve
 Are bent like drums;
 Then auld Guidman, maist like to rive,
Bethankit hums.

Is there that owre his French *ragout*,
 Or *olio* that wad staw a sow, —
 Or *fricassée* wad mak her spew
 Wi' perfect sconner,
 Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view,
 On sic a dinner?

Poor devil! see him owre his trash,
 As feckless as a' wither'd rash,
 His spindle shank a guid whip-lash,
 His nieve a nit;
 Thro' bluidy flood or field to dash,
 O how unfit!

But mark the Rustic, *baggis-fed*,
 The trembling earth resounds his tread,
 Clap in his walie nieve a blade,
 He'll mak it whisle
 An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will sned,
 Like taps o' thrissle.

Ye Pow'rs wha mak mankind your care,
 And dish them out their bill o' fare,
 Auld Scotland wants nae stinking ware
 That jaups in luggies:
 But, if ye wish her gratefu' pray'r,
 Gie her a *baggis*!

A

D E D I C A T I O N

T O

O * * * * H * * * * * , Esq.

EXPECT na, Sir, in this narration,
 A fleechin, fleth'rin Dedication,
 To roose you up, an' ca' you guid,
 An' sprung o' great an' noble bluid ;
 Because ye're firnam'd like *His Grace*,
 Perhaps related to the race :
 Then when I'm tir'd—and sae are ye,
 Wi' monie a fulsome, sinfu' lie,
 Set up a face, how I stop short,
 For fear your modesty be hurt.

This may do—maun do, Sir, wi' them wha
 Maun please the Great Folk for a wamefou ;
 For me ! sae laigh I need na bow,
 For, LORD be thankit, *I can plough* ;
 And when I downa yoke a naig,
 Then, LORD be thankit, *I can beg* ;
 Sae I shall say, an' that's nae flatt'rin,
 It's just *sic Poet an' sic Patron*.

The Poet, some guid Angel help him,
Or else, I fear, some ill ane skelp him !
He may do well for a' he's done yet,
But only—he's no just begun yet.

The Patron, (Sir, ye maun forgie me,
I winna lie, come what will o' me)
On ev'ry hand it will allow'd be,
He's just—nae better than he should be.

I readily and freely grant,
He downa see a poor man want ;
What's no his ain, he winna tak it ;
What ance he says, he winna break it ;
Ought he can lend he'll no refus't,
Till aft his guidness is abus'd ;
And rascals whyles that do him wrang,
Ev'n *that*, he does na mind it lang :
As Master, Landlord, Husband, Father,
He does na fail his part in either.

But then, nae thanks to him for a' that ;
Nae *godly symptom* ye can ca' that ;
It's naething but a milder feature,
Of our poor, sinfu', corrupt Nature :
We'll get the best o' moral works,
Mang black Gentoos, and Pagan Turks,
Or hunters wild on *Ponotaxi*,
Wha never heard of Orth-d-xy

That he's the poor man's friend in need,
The *Gentleman* in word and deed,
It's no thro' terror of D-mn-t--n ;
It's just a carnal inclination.

Morality, thou deadly bane,
'Thy tens o' thousands thou hast slain !
Vain is his hope, whase stay an' trust is
In *moral* Mercy, Truth and Justice !

No—stretch a point to catch a plack ;
Abuse a Brother to his back ;
Steal thro' the *winnock* frae a wh-re,
But point the Rake that tak's the *door* ;
Be to the Poor like onie whunstone ;
And haud their noses to the grunstone ;
Ply ev'ry art o' *legal* thieving ;
No matter—stick to *sound* believing.

Learn three-mile pray'rs, an' half-mile graces,
Wi' weel-spread looves, an' lang, wry faces ;
Grunt up a solemn, lengthen'd groan,
And damn a' Parties but your own ;
I'll warrant then, ye're nae Deceiver,
A steady, sturdy, staunch Believer.

O ye wha leave the springs o' *C-l-v n*,
For *gumlie dubs* of your ain delvin !
Ye sons of Heresy and Error,
Ye'll some day squeel in quaking terror !

When Vengeance draws the sword in wrath,
And in the fire throws the sheath;
When Ruin, with his sweeping *besom*,
Just frets till Heav'n commission gies him;
While o'er the *Harp* pale Mis'ry moans,
And strikes the ever-deep'ning tones,
Still louder shrieks, and heavier groans!

}

Your pardon, Sir, for this digression,
I maist forgat my *Dedication*;
But when Divinity comes cros me,
My readers still are sure to lose me.

So, Sir, you see 'twas nae daft vapour,
But I maturely thought it proper,
When a' my works I did review,
To dedicate them, Sir, to *You*:
Because (ye need na tak it ill)
I thought them something like yoursel.

Then patronize them wi' your favor,
And your Petitioner shall ever——
I had amaist said, *ever pray*,
But that's a word I need na say:
For prayin I hae little skill o't;
I'm baith dead-sweer, an' wretched-ill o't;
But I'll repeat each poor man's *pray'r*,
That kens or hears about you, Sir——

' May ne'er Misfortune's gowling bark,
 ' Howl thro' the dwelling o' the *Clerk* !
 ' May ne'er his gen'rous, honest heart,
 ' For that same gen'rous spirit smart !
 ' May K*****'s, far-honour'd name
 ' Lang beet his hymeneal flame,
 ' Till H*****'s, at least a diz'n,
 ' Are frae their nuptial labors risen :
 ' Five bonie Lasses round their table,
 ' And sev'n braw Fellows, stout an' able,
 ' To serve their King an' Country weel,
 ' By word, or pen, or pointed steel !
 ' May Health and Peace, with mutual rays,
 ' Shine on the ev'ning o' his days !
 ' Till his wee, curlie *John's* ier-oe,
 ' When ebbing life nae mair shall flow,
 ' The last, sad, mournful rites bestow !'

I will not wind a lang conclusion,
 With complimentary effusion :
 But whilst your wishes and endeavours,
 Are blest with Fortune's smiles and favours,
 I am, Dear Sir, with zeal most fervent,
 Your much indebted, humble servant.

But if (which Pow'rs above prevent)
 That iron-hearted Carl, *Want*,
 Attended, in his grim advances,
 By sad mistakes, and black mischances,

While hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him,
 Make you as poor a dog as I am,
 Your *humble servant* then no more ;
 For who would humbly serve the Poor?
 But, by a poor man's hopes in Heav'n!
 While recollection's pow'r is giv'n,
 If, in the vale of humble life,
 The victim sad of Fortune's strife,
 I, thro' the tender gushing tear,
 Should recognise my *Master dear*,
 If friendless, low, we meet together,
 Then, Sir, your hand—my *Friend and Brother!*

T O A

L O U S E,

On seeing one on a Lady's Bonnet at Church.

H A! whare ye gaun, ye crowlin ferlie!
Your impudence protects you fairlie:
I canna say but ye strunt rarely
Owre gauze and lace;
Tho' faith, I fear, ye dine but sparely
On sic a place.

Ye ugly, creepin, blasit wonner,
Detested, shunn'd, by faunt an' sinner,
How daur ye set your fit upon her,
Sae fine a Lady!
Gae fomewhere else and seek your dinner,
On some poor body.

Swiſh, in ſome beggar's haſſet ſquattle ;
There ye may creep, and ſpawl, and ſprattle
Wi' ither kindred, jumping cattle
In ſhoals and nations ;
Whare *horn* nor *bane* ne'er daur unfettle
Your thick plantations.

Now haud you there, ye're out o' sight,
Below the fatt'rels, fnug and tight;
Na faith ye yet! ye'll no be right;

Till ye've got on it,
The vara tapmolt, tow'ring height
O' *Mifs's bonnet*.

My sooth! right bauld ye fet your nose out,
As plump an' gray as onie grozet:
O for some rank, mercurial rozet,

Or fell, red smeddum,
I'd gie ye sic a hearty dose o't,
Wad drefs your droddum!

I wad na been surpriz'd'to spy
You on an auld wife's flainen toy;
Or aiblins some bit duddie boy,

On's wyliecoat;
But Mifs's fine *Lunardi*! fie!
How daur ye do't?

O, *Jenny*, dinna tofs your head,
An' set your beauties a'abroad!
The little ken what cursed speed

The blastie's makin!
Thae *winks* and *finger-erds*, I dread,
Are notice takin!

K 2

A D D R E S S

T O

E D I N B U R G H.

I.

EDINA! *Scotia's* darling seat !

All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
Where once beneath a monarch's feet
Sat Legislation's sov'reign pow'rs ;
From marking, wildly scatter'd flow'rs,
As on the banks of *Ayr* I stray'd,
And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,
I shelter in thy honor'd shade.

II.

Here Wealth still swells the golden tide,
As busy Trade his labours plies ;
There Architecture's noble pride
Bids elegance and splendor rise :
Here Justice, from her native skies,
High wields her balance and her rod ;
There learning, with his eagle eyes,
Seeks Science in her coy abode.

III.

Thy Sons *Edina*, social, kind,
 With open arms the Stranger hail;
 Their views enlarg'd, their lib'ral mind,
 Above the narrow, rural vale:
 Attentive still to Sorrow's wail,
 Or modest Merit's silent claim;
 And never may their sources fail!
 And never envy blot their name!

IV.

Thy Daughters bright thy walks adorn,
 Gay as the gilded summer sky,
 Sweet as the dewy, milk-white thorn,
 Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy!
 Fair B—— strikes the adoring eye,
 Heav'n's beauties on my fancy shine;
 I see the *Sire of Love* on high,
 And own his work indeed divine!

V.

There, watching high the least alarms,
 Thy rough, rude Fortrefs gleams afar;
 Like some bold Vet'ran, gray in arms,
 And mark'd with many a seamy scar:
 The pond'rous wall and massy bar,
 Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock,
 Have oft withstood assailing War,
 And oft repell'd th' Invader's shock.

VI.

With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,
 I view that noble, stately Dome,

Where *Scotia's* kings of other years,
 Fam'd heroes ! had their royal home :
 Alas, how chang'd the times to come !
 Their royal Name, low in the dust !
 Their hapless Race wild-wand'ring roam !
 Tho' rigid law cries out, 'twas just !

VII.

Wild beats my heart, to trace your steps,
 Whose ancestors, in days of yore,
 Thro' hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps
 Old *Scotia's* bloody lion bore :
 Ev'n I who sing in rustic lore,
 Haply my *Sires* have left their shed,
 And fac'd grim Danger's loudest roar,
 Bold-following where your Fathers led !

VIII.

Edina ! *Scotia's* darling seat !
 All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
 Where once, beneath a Monarch's feet,
 Sat Legislation's sov'reign pow'rs !
 From marking wildly-scatt'red flow'rs,
 As on the banks of *Ayr* I stray'd,
 And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,
 I shelter in thy honor'd shade.

E P I S T L E

T O

J. L*****K,

AN OLD SCOTCH BARD.

April 1, 1785.

W HILE briers and woodbines budding green,
 An' Paitrick's scaichin loud at e'en,
 And morning Pouffie whiddin seen
 Inspire my Muse,
 This freedom, in an *unknown* frien',
 I pray excuse.

On Fasten-een we had a rockin
 To ca' the crack and weave our stockin;
 And there was muckle fun and jokin,
 Ye need na doubt;
 At length we had a hearty yokin
 At sang about.

There was ae *sang*, among the rest,
 Aboon them a' it pleas'd me best,
 That some kind husband had addrest
 To some sweet wife :
 It thrill'd the heart-strings thro' the breast,
 A' to the life.

I've scarce heard ought describ'd sae weel,
 What gen'rous, manly bosoms feel ;
 Thought I, ' Can this be Pope, or Steel,
 Or Beattie's wark ?
 They tauld me 'twas an odd kind chiel
 About *Muirkirk*.

It pat me fidgin-fain to hear't ;
 An' sae about him there I spier't ;
 Then a' that ken't him round declar'd,
 He had *ingine*,
 That nane excell'd it, few cam near't,
 It was sae fine.

That, set him to a pint of ale,
 An' either douce or merry tale,
 Or rhymes an' fangs he'd made himsel,
 Or witty catches,
 'Tween Inverness and Tiviotdale
 He had few matches.

Then up I gat, an' swoor an aith,
 Tho' I should pawn my pleugh an' graith,

Or die a cadger pownie's death
At some dyke-back,
A pint an' gill I'd gie them baith,
To hear you crack.

But, first an' foremost, I should tell,
Amass as soon as I could spell,
I to the *crambo jingle* fell,
Tho' rude an' rough,
Yet crooning to a body's fell,
Does weel enough.

I am nae *Poet* in a sense,
But just a *Rhymer*, like, by chance,
An' hae to Learning nae pretence,
Yet, what the matter?
Whene'er my Muse does on me glance,
I jingle at her.

Your Critic-folk may cock their nose,
And say, ‘ How can you e’er propose,
‘ You wha ken hardly *verse* frae *prose*,
 ‘ To mak a *sang* ?’
But, by your leaves, my learned foes,
 ‘ Ye’re may be wrang.

What's a' your jargon o' your Schools,
Your Latin names for horns an' stools,
If honest nature made you *fools*,
What fairs your Grammars?

Ye'd better taen up spades and shoofs,
Or knappin hammers.

A set o' dull, conceited Hahes,
Confuse their brains in College-classes!
They *gang in* Stirks, and *come out* Asses,
Plain truth to speak;
An' syne they think to climb Parnassus
By dint o' Greek!

Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire,
That's a' the learning I desire;
Then tho' I drudge thro' dub an' mire
At pleugh or cart,
My Muse, tho' hamely in attire,
May touch the heart.

O for a spark o' *Allan's* glee,
Or *Ferguson's*, the bauld an' sree,
Or dricht *L*****k's*, my friend to be,
If I can hit it!
That would be *lear* enough for me,
If I could get it.

Now, Sir, if ye hae friends enow,
Tho' real friends I b'lieve are few,
Yet, if your catalogue be fow,
I'll be no infist;
But, gif ye want ae friend that's true,
I'm on your list.

I winna blaw about mysel,
As ill I like my fauts to tell;
But friends, an' folk that wish me well,
They sometimes roose me;
Tho' I maun own, as monie still
As far abuse me.

There's ae *wae faut* they whiles lay to me,
I like the lasses—Gude forgie me !
For monie a plack they wheedle frae me,
At dance or fair :
Maybe some *ither thing* they gie me
They weel can spare.

But *Mauchline* Race or *Mauchline* Fair,
I should be proud to meet you there;
We'll gie ae night's discharge to care,
If we forgather,
An' hae a swap o' *rhymin-ware*
Wi' ane anither.

The four-gill chap, we've gar him clatter,
An' kirsen him wi' reekin water;
Syne we'll sit down an' tak our whitter,
To cheer our heart;
An' faith, we've be acquainted better
Before we part.

Awa ye selfish, warly race,
Wha think that havins, sence, an' grace,

Ev'n love an' friendship, should give place,
To *catch-the plack!*

I dinna like to see your face, ?

Nor hear your crack.

But ye whom social pleasure charms,
Whose hearts the tide of kindness warms,
Who hold your *being* on the terms,

‘ Each aid the others, ’

Come to my bowl, come to my arms,

• My friends, my brothers!

But, to conclude my lang epistle,
As my auld pen's worn to the gristle;
Twa lines frae you wad gar me fistle,

Who am, most fervent,

While I can either sing, or whistle,

Your friend and servant:

TO THE SAME.

April 21, 1785.

WHILE new-ca'd kye rowte at the stake,
 An' pownies reek in pleugh or braik,
 This hour on e'enin's edge I take,
 To own I'm debtor
 To honest-hearted, auld L*****k,
 For his kind letter.

Forjesket fair, with weary legs,
 Rattlin th' corn out-owre the rigs,
 Or dealing thro' among the naigs
 Their ten-hours bite,
 My awkart Muse fair pleads and begs
 I would na write.

The tapetlefs, ramfeezi'd hizzie,
 She's fast at best an' something lazy:
 Quo' she, 'Ye ken we've been fae busy
 'This month an' mair,
 'That trowth, my head is grown right dizzie,
 'An' something fair.'

Her dowff excuses pat me mad;
 ' Conscience,' says I, ' ye thowless jad,
 ' I'll write, an' that a hearty blaud,
 ' This verra night;
 ' So dinna ye affront your trade,
 ' But rhyme it right.

' Shall bauld L*****k, the king o' hearts,
 ' Tho' mankind were a pack o' cartes,
 ' Roose you fae weel for your deserts,
 ' In terms fae friendly,
 ' Yet ye'll neglect to shaw your parts
 ' An' thank him kindly?"

Sae I gat paper in a blink,
 An' down gaed *stumpie* in the ink:
 Quoth I, ' Before I sleep a wink,
 ' I vow I'll close it;
 ' An' if ye winna mak it clink,
 ' By Jove I'll prose it!

Sae I've begun to scrawl, but whether
 In rhyme, or prose, or baith thegither,
 Or some hotch-potch that's rightly neither,
 Let time mak proof;
 But I shall scribble down some blether
 Just clean aff-loof.

My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp,
 Tho' fortune use you hard an' sharp,
 Come, kittle up your *moorland harp*
 Wi' gleeesome touch!
 Ne'er mind how Fortune *wast* an' *warp*;
 She's but a b-tch.

She's gien me monie a jirt an' fleg
 Sin I could striddle owre a rig;
 But, by the L—d, tho' I should beg
 Wi' lyart pow,
 I'll laugh, an' sing, an' shake my leg,
 As lang's I dow!

Now comes the fax an' twentieth simmer,
 I've seen the bud upo' the timmer,
 Still persecuted by the limmer
 Frae year to year;
 But yet, despite the kittle kimmer,
 I, Rob, am here,

Do ye envy the city *Gent*,
 Behint a kist to lie an' sklent,
 Or purse-proud, big wi' cent. per cent:
 An' muckle wame,
 In some bit Brugh to represent
 A Bailie's name?

Or is't the paughty, feudal Thane,
 Wi' ruff'd fark an glancing cane

Wha thinks himsel nae sheep-shank bane,
 But lōrdly stalks,
 While caps and bonnets aff are taen,
 As by he walks?

‘ O, *Thou* wha gies us each good gift!
 ‘ Gie me o’ wit an’ sēse a lift,
 ‘ Then turn me, if *Thou* please, adrift
 ‘ Thro’ Scotland wide;
 ‘ Wi’ cits nor lairds I wadna shift
 ‘ In a’ their pride!’

Were this the *charter* of our state
 ‘ On pain o’ hell be rich an’ great,
 Damnation then would be our fate,
 Beyond remead;
 But, thanks to Heav’n, that’s no the gate
 We learn our creed.

For thus the royal Mandate ran,
 When first the human race began,
 ‘ The social, friendly, honest man
 ‘ Whate’er he be,
 ‘ ‘Tis *he* fulfils *great Nature’s plan*,
 ‘ And none but he.’

O Mandate, glorious and divine!
 The followers o’ the ragged Nine,
 Poor, thoughtless devils! yet may shine
 In glorious light

While fordid sons o' Mammon's line
Are dark as night.

Tho' here they scrape, an' squeeze, an' growl,
Their worthless nievesu' of a soul
May in some *future carcase* howl
The forest's fright;
Or in some day-detesting owl
May shun the light.

Then may *L*****k* and *B***** arise,
To reach their native kindred skies,
And *sing* their pleasures, hopes an' joys,
In some mild sphere.
Still closer knit in friendship's ties
Each passing year!

W. S*****N, *Ochiltree.*

May, 1785.

I GAT your letter, winsome *Willie*;
 Wi' gratefu' heart I thank you brawlie;
 Tho' I maun say't, I wad be filly,
 An' unco vain,
 Should I believe, my coaxin billie,
 Your flatterin strain.

But I'fe believe ye kindly meant it,
 I sud be laith to think ye hinted
 Ironie satire, fidelins sklentid
 On my poor Musie;
 Tho' in sic phraisin terms ye've penn'd it,
 I scarce excuse ye.

My senses wad be in a creel,
 Should I but dare to hope to speel
 Wi' *Alian*, or wi' *Gilbertfield*,
 The braes o' fame;
 Or *Ferguson*, the writer-chiel,
 A deathless name.

(O *Ferguson*! thy glorious parts
Ill suited law's dry musty arts!

My curse upon your whunstone hearts,
Ye Enbrugh Gentry!

The tythe o' what ye waste at cartes
Wad stow'd his pantry!)

Yet when a tale comes i' my head,
Or lasses gie my heart a screed,
As whyles they're like to be my dead,
(O sad disease!)

I kittle up my *rustic reed*;
It gies me ease.

Auld *Coil*, now, may fidge fu' fain,
She's gotten Bardies o' her ain,
Chiels wha their chanters winna hain,
But tune their lays,
Till echoes a' resound again
Her weel-sung praise.

Nae Poet thought her worth his while,
To set her name in measur'd style;
She lay like some unkend of isle
Beside *New Holland*,
Or where wild-meeting oceans boil
Besouth *Magellan*.

Ramsay an' famous *Ferguson*
Gied *Forth* an' *Tay* a lift aboon;

Tarrow an' *Tweed*, to monie a tune
 Owre Scotland rings,
 While, *Irwin*, *Lugar*, *Ayr*, an' *Doon*,
 Naebody sings.

Th' *Illiffus*, *Tiber*, *Thames* an' *Seine*,
 Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line;
 But, *Willie*, set your fit to mine,
 An' cock your crest,
 We'll gar our streams an' burnies shine
 Up wi' the best.

We'll sing auld *Coila's* plains an' fells,
 Her moors red-brown wi' heather bells,
 Her banks an' brae, her dens an' dells,
 Where glorious *Wallace*
 Aft bure the gree, as story tells,
 Frae *Suthron* billies.

At *Wallace's* name, what Scottish blood
 But boils up in a spring-tide flood!
 Oft have our fearless fathers strode
 By *Wallace's* side,
 Still pressing onward, red-wat shod
 Or glorious dy'd!

O sweet are *Coila's* haughs and woods,
 When lintwhites chant among the buds,
 And jinkin hares, in amorous whids,
 Their loves enjoy.

While thro' the braes the cushat croods
With wailfu' cry!

Ev'n winter bleak has charms to me,
When winds rave thro' the naked tree;
Or frosts on hills of *Ochiltree*
Are hoary gray;
Or blinding drifts wild furious-slee,
Dark'ning the day!

O *Nature!* a' thy shews an' forms
To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms!
Whether the Summer kindly warms,
Wi' life an' light,
Or Winter howls, in gusty storms
The lang, dark night!

The Muse, nae Poet ever fand her,
Till by himsel he learn'd to wander,
Adown some trotting burn's meander,
An' no thing lang;
O sweet, to stray an' pensive ponder
A heart-felt sang!

The warly race may drudge an' drive,
Hog-shouter, jundie, stretch an' strive,
Let me fair *Nature's* face describe,
And I, wi' pleasure,
Shall let the busy, grumbling hive
Bum owre their treasure.

Fareweel, ' my rhyme-composing brither !
 We've been owre lang unkenn'd to ither :
 Now let us lay our heads thegither,
 In love fraternal :
 May *Envy* wallop in a tether
 Black fiend, infernal !

While Highlandmen hate toils an' taxes ;
 While moorlan herds like guid, fat braxies ;
 While Terra Firma, on her axis,
 Diurnal turns,
 Count on a friend in faith an' practice,
 In *Robert Burns*.

P O S T S C R I P T.

My memory's no worth a preen ;
 I had amaist forgotten clean,
 Ye bade me write you what they mean
 By this *new-light**,
 'Bout which his *herds* fae aft hae been
 Maist like to fight,

In days when mankind were but callans
 At *Grammar*, *Logic*, an' sic talents,
 They took nae pains their speech to balance,
 Or rules to gie,
 But spak their thoughts in plain, braid Lallans,
 Like you or me.

* See note, page 59.

In thae auld times; they thought the *Moon*,
 Just like a fark, or pair o' shoon,
 Wore by degrees, till her last roon
 Gaed past their viewing,
 An' shortly after she was done,
 They gat a new ane.

This past for certain, undisputed;
 It ne'er cam i' their heads to doubt it,
 Till chieks gat up an' wad confute it,
 An' ca'd it wiang;
 An' muckle din there was about it,
 Baith loud an' lang.

Some *berds*, weel-learn'd upo' the beuk,
 Wad threap auld folk the thing misteuk;
 For, 'twas the *auld moon* turn'd a neuk,
 An' out o' sight,
 An' backlins-comin, to the leuk,
 She grew mair bright.

This was deny'd, it was affirm'd
 The *berds* an' *biffels* were alarm'd;
 The rev'rend gray-beards rav'd an' storm'd,
 That beardless laddies
 Should think they better were inform'd
 Than their auld daddies,

Frae less to mair it gaed to sticks;
 Frae words an' aiths to colours an' nicks;

An' monie a fallow got his licks,
 Wi' hearty crunt ;
 An' some, to learn them for their tricks,
 Were hang'd an' brunt.

This game was play'd in monie lands,
 An' *auld-light* caddies bure sic hands,
 That faith, the youngsters took the sands
 Wi' nimble shanks,
 Till Lairds forbade, by strict commands,
 Sic bluidy pranks.

But *new-light herds* gat sic a cowe,
 Folk thought them ruin'd stick-an-stowe,
 Till now amais't on ev'ry knowe
 Ye'll find ane plac'd ;
 An' some their *new-light* fair avow,
 Just quite barefac'd.

Nae doubt the *auld-light flocks* are bleatin ;
 Their zealous *herds* are vex'd an' sweatin ;
 Mysel, I've even seen them greetin
 Wi' girmin spite,
 To hear the *Moon* fae sadly lie'd on
 By word an' write.

But shortly they will cowe the louns !
 Some *auld-light herds* in neebor towns
 Are mind't, in things they ca' *balloons*,
 To tak a flight,

An' stay ae month amang the *Moons*,
An' see them right.

Guid observation they will gie them ;
An' when the *auld Moon*'s gaun to lea'e them,
The hindmost shaird, they'll fetch it wi' them,
Just i' their pouch,
An' when the *new-light* billies see them,
I think they'll crouch !

Sae, ye observe that a' this clatter
Is naething but a 'moonshine matter ;'
But tho' dull prose-folk Latin splatter
In logic tulzie,
I hope, we Bardies ken some better
Than mind sic brulzie.

E P I S T L E

T O

J. R * * * * *

Inclosing some Poems.

O ROUGH, rude, ready-witted R*****,
 The wale o' cocks for fun an' drinkin!
 There's monie godly folks are thinkin,
 Your *dreams* * an' tricks
 Will fend you, Korah-like, a-finkin,
 Straught to auld Nick's.

Ye hae fae monie cracks an' cants,
 And in your wicked, drunken rants,
 Ye mak a devil o' the Saunts,
 An' fill them fou;
 And then their failings, flaws, an' wants,
 Are a' seen thro'.

* A certain humourous *dream* of his was then making a noise in the country-side.

Hypocrisy, in mercy spare it !
 That holy robe, O dinna tear it !
 Spare't for their fakes wha aften wear it,
 The lads in *black* ;
 But your curst wit, when it comes near it,
 Rives't aff their back.

Think, wicked Sinner, wha ye're skaithing,
 Is just the *Blue-gown* badge an' claitking
 O' Saunts; tak that, ye lea'e them naithing
 To ken them by,
 Frae ony unregenerate Heathen,
 Like you or I.

I've sent you here some rhyming ware,
 A' that I bargain'd for, an' mair ;
 Sae, when ye hae an hour to spare,
 I will expect,
 Yon *Sang* * ye'll sen't, wi' cannie care,
 And no neglect.

Tho' faith, sma' heart hae I to sing !
 My Muse dow scarcely spread her wing :
 I've play'd mysel a bonie spring,
 An' danc'd my fill !
 I'd better gaen an' fair't the king,
 At *Bunker's Hill*.

* A song he had promised the Author.

'Twas ae night lately, in my fun,
 gaed a roving wi' the gun,
 An' brought a *Paitrick* to the grun',
 A bonie hen,
 And, as the twilight was begun,
 Thought nane wad ken.

The poor, wee thing was little hurt;
 I fraikit it a wee for sport,
 We'er thinkin they wad fash me for't;
 But, Deil-ma-care!
 Somebody tells the *Poacher-court*
 The hale affair.

Some auld, us'd hands had taen a note,
 That sic a hen had got a shot;
 I was suspected for the plot;
 I scorn'd to lie;
 So gat the whisle o' my groat,
 An' pay't the *fee*.

But, by my gun, o' guns the wale,
 An' by my pouter an' my hail,
 An' by my hen, an' by her tail,
 I vow an' swear!
 The *Game* shall pay, o'er moor an' dale,
 For this, niest year.

As soon's the clockin-time is by,
 An' the wee pouts begun to cry,

L—d, I've hae sportin by an' by,
 For my gowd guinea;
 Tho' I should herd the *buckskin* kye
 For't, in Virginia.

'Trowth, they had muckle for to blame!
 'Twas neither broken wing nor limb,
 But twa-three draps about the wame
 Scarce thro' the feathers;
 An' baith a yellow George to claim,
 An' thole their blethers!

It pits me ay as mad's a hare;
 So I can ryhme nor write nae mair;
 But *pennyworths* again is fair,
 When time's expedient:
 Meanwhile I am, respected Sir,
 Your most obedient.

JOHN BARLEYCORN*,

A

B A L L A D.

I.

THERE was three kings into the east,
Three kings both great and high,
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn should die.

II.

They took a plough and plough'd him down,
Put clods upon his head,
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn was dead.

III.

But the chearful Spring came kindly on,
And show'rs began to fall ;

* This is partly composed on the plan of an old song known by the same name.

John Barleycorn got up again,
And fore surpris'd them all.

IV.

The sultry furs of Summer came,
And he grew thick and strong,
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

V.

The sober Autumn enter'd mild,
When he grew wan and pale ;
His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he began to fail.

VI.

His colour sicken'd more and more,
He faded into age ;
And then his enemies began
To shew their deadly rage.

VII.

They've taen a weapon, long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee ;
They ty'd him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie.

VIII.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgell'd him full sore ;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

IX.

They filled up a darksome pit
With water to the brim,

They heaved in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

X.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him farther woe,
And still, as signs of life appear'd,
They tofs'd him to and fro.

XI.

They wasted, o'er a scorching flame,
The marrow of his bones ;
But a Miler us'd him worst of all,
He crush'd him 'tween two stones.

XII.

And they hae taen his very heart's blood,
And drank it round and round ;
And still the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound.

XIII.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprife,
For if you do but taste his blood,
'Twill make your courage rise.

XIV.

'Twill make a man forget his woe ;
'Twill heighten all his joy :
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,
Tho' the tear were in her eye.

XV.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand ;
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland !

A

F R A G M E N T.

Tune, GILLICRANKIE.

I.

W H E N *Guildford* good our Pilot stood,
 An' did our hellim thraw, man,
 Ae night, at tea, began a plea,
 Within *America*, man :
 Then up they gat the maskin-pat,
 And in the sea did jaw, man ;
 An' did nae lefs, in full Congress,
 Than quite refuse our law, man.

II.

Then thro' the lakes *Montgomery* takes,
 I wat he was na slaw, man ;
 Down *Lowrie's burn* he took a turn,
 And *C-rl-t-n* did ca', man :
 But yet, whatreck, he, at *Quebeck*,
Montgomery-like did fa', man,
 Wi' sword in hand, before his band,
 Amang his en'mies a', man.

III.

Poor *Tammy G-ge* within a cage
 Was kept at *Boston-ha'*, man ;
 Till *Willie H—e* took o're the knowe
 For *Philadelphia*, man ;
 Wi' sword and gun he thought a fin
 Guid Christian bluid to draw, man ;
 But at *New-York*, wi' knife an' fork,
 Sir Loin he hacked sma', man.

IV.

B-rg--ne gaed up, like spur an' whip,
 Till *Frazer* brave did fa', man ;
 Then lost his way, ae misty day,
 In *Saratoga* shaw, man.
C-rnw-ll-s fought as lang's he dought,
 An' did the Buckskins claw, man ;
 But *Cl-nt-n's* glaive frae rust to fave
 He hung it to the wa', man.

V.

Then *M-nt-g-e* an' *Guildford* too,
 Began to fear a fa', man ;
 An' *S-ckv-ll-e* doure, wha stood the stoure,
 The German Chief to thraw, man :
 For Paddy *B-rke*, like ony Turk,
 Nae mercy had at a', man ;
 An' *Charlie F-x* threw by the box,
 An' lows'd his tinkler jaw, man,

VI.

Then *R-ck--ngb-m* took up the game,
 Till Death did on him ca', man;
 When *Sh-lb-rne* meek held up his cheek,
 Conform to Gospel law, man?
 Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise,
 They did his measures thraw, man,
 For *N-rib* an' *F-x* united flocks,
 An' bore him to the wa', man.

VII.

Then Clubs an' Hearts were *Chârlie's* cartes,
 He swept the stakes awa', man,
 Till the Diamond's Ace, of *Indian* race,
 Led him a fair *faux pas*, man:
 The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads,
 On *Chatham's Boy* did ca', man;
 An' Scotland drew her pipe an' blew,
 ' Up, Willie, war them a', man!'

VIII.

Behind the throne then *Gr-nv-llé's* gone,
 A secret word or twa, man;
 While flee *D-nd-s* arous'd the class
 Be-north the Roman wa', man:
 An' *Chatham's* wraith, in heav'nly graith,
 (Inspired bardies saw, man)
 Wi' kindling eyes cry'd, ' *Willie*, rise!
 ' Would I hae fear'd them a', man!'

IX.

But, word an' blow, *N-rtb, Fox, and Co.*

Gowff'd *Willie* like a ba', man,

Till *Suthron* raife, and coost their claife

Behind him in a raw, man :

An' *Caledon* threw by the drone,

An' did her whittle draw, man ;

An' swoor fu' rude, thro' dirt an' blood,

To mak it guid in law, man.

* * * * *

S O N G.

Tune, Corn rigs are bonie.

I.

IT was upon a Lammas night,
 When corn rigs are bonie,
 Beneath the mōon's unclouded light,
 I held awa to Annie :
 The time flew by, wi' tentless head,
 Till 'tween the late and early ;
 Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed,
 To see me thro' the barley.

II.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
 The mōon was shining clearly ;
 I set her down, wi' right good will,
 Among the 'rigs o' barley :
 I ken't her heart was a' my ain ;
 I lov'd her most sincerely ;
 I kiss'd her owre and owre again,
 Among the rigs o' barley,

III.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace ;
 Her heart was beating rarely :
 My blessings on that happy place,
 Among the rigs o' barley !
 But by the moon and stars so bright,
 That shone that hour so clearly !
 She ay shall blefs that happy night,
 Among the rigs o' barley.

IV.

I hae been blythe with comrades dear ;
 I hae been merry drinking ;
 I hae been joyfu' gath'ring gear ;
 I hae been happy thinking :
 But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
 Tho' three times doubl'd fairly,
 That happy night was worth them a',
 Among the rigs o' barley.

C H O R U S.

Corn rigs, an' barley rigs,
 An' corn rigs are bonie :
 I'll ne'er forget that happy night,
 Among the rigs wi' Annie.

S O N G,

COMPOSED IN AUGUST.

Tune, I had a horse, I had nae mair.

I.

NOW westlin winds, and slaught'ring guns
 Bring Autumn's pleasant weather ;
 The moorcock springs on whirring wings,
 Among the blooming heather :
 Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
 Delights the weary Farmer ;
 And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night,
 To muse upon my Charmer.

II.

The Partridge loves the fruitful fells ;
 The Plover loves the mountains ;
 The Woodcock haunts the lonely dells ;
 The soaring Hern the fountains :
 Thro' lofty groves the Cuckoo roves,
 The path of man to shun it ;
 The hazel bush o'erhangs the Thrush,
 The spreading thorn the Linnet.

III.

Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find,
 The savage and the tender ;
 Some social joyn, and leagues combine ;
 Some solitary wander :
 Avaunt, away ! the cruel sway,
 Tyrannic man's dominion ;
 The Sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry,
 The flatt'ring, gory prison !

IV.

But, *Peggy* dear, the ev'ning's clear,
 Thick flies the skimming Swallow ;
 The sky is blue, the fields in view,
 All fading-green and yellow :
 Come let us stray our gladsome way,
 And view the charms of Nature ;
 The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
 And ev'ry happy creature.

V.

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,
 Till the silent moon shine clearly ;
 I'll grasp thy waist, and, fondly prest,
 Swear how I love thee dearly :
 Not vernal show'rs to budding flow'rs,
 Not Autumn to the Farmer,
 So dear can be as thou to me,
 My fair, my lovely Charmer !

S O N G.

Tune, *My Nannie, O.*

I.

BEHIND yon hills where Stinchar flows,
 'Mang moors and mosses many, O,
 The wintry sun the day has clos'd,
 And I'll away to Nanie, O.

II.

The westlin wind blaws loud an' shrill;
 The night, baith mirk an' rainy, O;
 But I'll get my plaid an' out I'll steal,
 An' owre the hill to Nannie, O.

III.

My Nanie's charming, sweet an' young;
 Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O:
 May ill befa' the flattering tongue
 That wad beguile my Nannie, O.

IV.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
 As spotless as she's bonie, O;
 The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew,
 Nae purer is than Nanie, O.

V.

A country lad is my degree,
 An' few there be that ken me, O ;
 But what care I how few they be,
 I'm welcome ay to Nanie, O.

VI.

My riches a's my penny-fee,
 An' I maun guide it cannie, O ;
 But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
 My thoughts are a', my Nanie, O.

VII.

Our auld Guidman delights to view
 His sheep an' kye thrive bonie, O ;
 But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
 An' has nae care but Nanie, O.

VIII.

Come weel come woe, I care na by,
 I'll tak what Heav'n will sen' me, O ;
 Nae ither care in life have I,
 But live, an' love my Nanie, O.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

A FRAGMENT.

CHORUS.

*Green grow the rashbes, O ;
Green grow the rashbes, O ;
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
Are spent among the lasses, O.*

I.

THERE'S nought but care on ev'ry han,
In ev'ry hour that passes, O :
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na for the lasses, O.

Green grow, &c.

II.

The warly race may riches chafe,
An' riches still may fly them, O ;
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

Green grow, &c.

III.

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
 My arms about my Dearie, O;
 An' warly cares, an' warly men,
 May a' gae tapsalteerie, O!

Green grow, &c.

IV.

For you fae douse, ye sneer at this,
 Ye're nought but senseless asses, O:
 The wisest Man the warl' saw,
 He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.

Green grow, &c.

V.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely Dears
 Her noblest work she classes, O:
 Her prentice han' she try'd on man,
 An' then she made the lasses, O.

Green grow, &c.

* * * * *

S O N G.

Tune, *Jockey's Gray Brecks.*

I.

AGAIN rejoicing Nature sees
Her robe assume its vernal hues,
Her leafy locks wave in the breeze
All freshly steep'd in morning dews.

C H O R U S *.

*And maun I still on Menie † doat,
And bear the scorn that's in her e'e!
For it's jet, jet black, an' it's like a hawk,
An' it winna let a body be!*

II.

In vain to me the cowslips blaw,
In vain to me the vi'lets spring;
In vain to me in glen or shaw,
The mavis and the lintwhite sing.
And maun I still, &c.

* This chorus is part of a song composed by a gentleman in Edinburgh, a particular friend of the Author's.

† *Menie* is the common abbreviation of *Marianne*.

III.

The merry Ploughboy cheers his team,
 Wi' joy the tentie Seedsman stalks,
 But life to me's a weary dream,
 A dream of aye that never wauks.

And maun I still, &c.

IV.

The wanton coot the water skims,
 Among the reeds the ducklings cry,
 The stately swan-majestic swims,
 And ev'ry thing is blest but I.

And maun I still, &c.

V.

The Sheep-herd steeks his faulding flap,
 And owre the moorlands whistles shrill,
 Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step
 I meet him on the dewy hill.

And maun I still, &c.

VI.

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
 Blythe waukens by the daisy's side,
 And mounts and sings on flitting wings,
 A woe-worn ghaist I hameward glide.

And maun I still, &c.

VII.

Come Winter, with thine angry howl,
 And raging bend the naked tree ;

Thy gloom will sooth my chearless soul,
When nature all is sad like me !

*And maun I still on Menie doat,
An' bear the scorn that's in her e'e !
For it's jet, jet black, and it's like a hawk,
An' it winna let a body be.*

M

S O N G.

Tune, *Rossin Castle.*

I.

THE gloomy night is gath'ring fast,
 Loud roars the wild, inconstant blast,
 Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
 I see it driving o'er the plain ;
 The hunter now has left the moor,
 The scatt'red coveys meet secure,
 While here I wander, prest with care,
 Along the lonely banks of *Ayr*.

II.

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn,
 By early Winter's ravage torn ;
 Across her placid, azure sky,
 She sees the scowling tempest fly :
 Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,
 I think upon the stormy wave,
 Where many a danger I must dare,
 Far from the bonie banks of *Ayr*.

III.

'Tis not the surging billow's roar,
 'Tis not that fatal deadly shore ;

Tho' Death in ev'ry shape appear,
 The Wretched have no more to fear :
 But round my heart the ties are bound,
 That heart transpierc'd with many a wound ;
 These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
 To leave the bonie banks of *Ayr*.

IV.

Farewell, old *Coila's* hills and dales,
 Her heathy moors and winding vales ;
 The scenes where wretched Fancy roves,
 Pursuing past, unhappy loves !
 Farewell, my friends ! farewell, my foes !
 My peace with these, my love with those—
 The bursting tears my heart declare,
 Farewell, the bonie banks of *Ayr* !

S O N G.

Tune, GUILDEROY.

I.

FROM thee, ELIZA, I must go,
 And from my native shore :
 The cruel fates between us throw
 A boundless ocean's roar :
 But boundless oceans, roaring wide,
 Between my Love and me,
 They never, never can divide
 My heart and soul from thee.

II.

Farewell, farewell, ELIZA dear,
 The maid that I adore !
 A boding voice is in mine ear,
 We part to meet no more !
 But the latest throb that leaves my heart,
 While Death stands victor by,
 That throb, ELIZA, is thy part,
 And thine that latest sigh !

T H E

F A R E W E L L.

TO THE BRETHREN OF ST. JAMES'S
LODGE, TARBOLTON.

Tune, Goodnight and joy be wi' you a'.

I.

ADIEU! a heart-warm, fond adieu!

Dear brothers of the *mystic tie*!

Ye favored, *enlighten'd* Few,

Companions of my social joy!

Tho' I to foreign lands must hie,

Pursuing Fortune's *slidd'ry* ba',

With melting heart, and brimful eye,

I'll mind you still, tho' far awa'.

II.

Oft have I met your social Band,

And spent the chearful, festive night;

Oft, honour'd with supreme command,

Prefided o'er the *Sons of light*;

And by that *Hieroglyphic* bright,

Which none but *Craftsmen* ever saw!

Strong Mem'ry on my heart shall write

Those happy scenes when far awa'!

May Freedom, Harmony, and Love,
 Unite you in the *grand Design*,
 Beneath th' Omniscient Eye above,
 The glorious *Architec* Divine !
 That you may keep th' *unerring line*,
 Still rising by the *plummet's law*,
 Till *Order* bright completely shine,
 Shall be my Pray'r when far awa.

IV.

And *You*, farewell ! whose merits claim
 Justly that *bighest badge* to wear !
 Heav'n blefs your honour'd, noble Name,
 To *Masonry* and *Scotia* dear !
 A last request permit me here,
 When yearly ye assemble a',
 One *round*, I ask it with a *tear*,
 To him *the bard that's far awa*.

S O N G.

*Tune, Prepare my dear brethren, to the tavern let's
fly, &c.*

I.

NO Churchman am I for to rail and to write,
No Statesman nor Soldier to plot or to fight,
No fly Man of business contriving a snare,
For a big-belly'd bottle's the whole of my care.

II.

The Peer I don't envy, I give him his bow ;
I scorn not the Peasant, tho' ever so low ;
But a club of good fellows, like those that are
here,
And a bottle like this, are my glory and care.

III.

Here passes the Squire on his brother—his horse ;
There Centum per Centum, the Cit with his purse ;
But see you the Crown how it waves in the air,
There a big-belly'd bottle still eases my care.

IV.

The wife of my bosom, alas! she did die ;
For sweet consolation to church I did fly ;
I found that old Solomon proved it fair,
That a big-belly'd bottle's a cure for all care.

V.

I once was persuaded a venture to make;
 A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck;
 But the purfy old landlord just waddl'd up stairs,
 With a glorious bottle that ended my cares.

VI.

' Life's cares they are comforts *'—a maxim laid
 down

By the Bard, what d'ye call him, that wore the black
 gown;

And faith I agree with th' old prig to a hair;
 For a big-belly'd bottle's a heaven of a care.

A Stanza added in a Mason Lodge:

Then fill up a bumper and make it o'erflow,
 And honours masonic prepare for to throw;
 May ev'ry true Brother of the Compass and Square
 Have a big-belly'd bottle when pressed with care.

* Young's Night Thoughts.

E P I T A P H S.

ON A CELEBRATED RULING ELDER.

Here Sowter **** in death does sleep :
 To H-ll, if he's gane thither,
 Satan, gie him thy gear to keep,
 He'll haud it weel thegither.

ON A NOISY POLEMIC.

Below thir stanes lie Jamie's banes ;
 O Death, it's my opinion,
 Thou ne'er took such a bleth'rin b-tch
 Into thy dark dominion !

ON WEE JOHIE.

Hic jacet wee Johnie.

Whoe'er thou art, O reader, know,
 That Death has murder'd Johnie !
 And here his *body* lies fu' low——
 For *faul* he ne'er had ony,

FOR THE AUTHOR'S FATHER.

O ye whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
 Draw near with pious rev'rence, and attend!
 Here lie the loving Husband's dear remains,
 The tender Father, and the gen'rous Friend.
 The pitying heart that felt for human Woe;
 The dauntless heart that fear'd no human Pride;
 The Friend of Man, to vice alone a foe;
 * For ev'n his failings lean'd to Virtue's side *.

FOR R. A. Esq.

Know thou, O stranger to the same
 Of this much lov'd, much honour'd name!
 (For none that knew him need be told)
 A warmer heart. Death ne'er made cold.

FOR G. H. Esq.

The poor man weeps—here G——n sleeps,
 Whom canting wretches blam'd:
 But with *such as he*, where'er he be,
 May I be sav'd or d——d!

* Goldsmith.

A BARD'S EPITAPH.

IS there a whim-inspired fool,
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool,
Let him draw near :
And owre this grassy heap sing dool,
And drap a tear.

Is there a Bard of rustic song,
Who, noteless, steals the crouds among,
That weekly this area throng,
O, pass not by !
But, with a frater-feeling strong,
Here, heave a sigh.

Is there a man, whose judgment clear,
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs, himself, life's mad career,
Wild as the wave,
Here pause—and, thro' the starting tear,
Survey this grave!

The poor Inhabitant below
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And *softer flame* ;
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stain'd his name!

Reader, attend—whether thy soul
 Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
 Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
 In low pursuit,
 Know, prudent, cautious, *self-controul*
 Is Wisdom's root.

7 JY 65

F I N I S.

G L O S S A R Y.

THE *ch* and *gh* have always the guttural sound. The sound of the English diphthong *oo*, is commonly spelled *ou*. The French *u*, a sound which often occurs in the Scotch Language, is marked *oo*, or *ui*. The *a* in genuine Scotch words, except when forming a diphthong, or followed by an *e* mute after a single consonant, sounds generally like the broad English *a* in *wall*. The Scotch diphthongs, *ae*, always, and *ea* very often, sound like the French *é* masculine. The Scotch diphthong *ey*, sounds like the Latin *ei*.

A

A, all
 Aback, away, aloof
 Abeigh, at a shy distance
 Aboon, above, up
 Abread, abroad, in fight
 Abreed, in breadth
 Ae, one
 Aff, off, *Aff-loof*, unpremeditated
 Afore, before
 Aft, oft
 Aften, often

Agley, off the right line,
 wrong

Aiblins, perhaps
 Ain, own
 Airn, iron
 Aith, an oath
 Aits, oats
 Aiver, an old horse
 Aizle, a hot cinder
 Alake, alas
 Alane, alone
 Amaist, almost
 Amang, among

N

An', and, if
 Ance, once
 Ane, one, an
 Anither, another
 Artfu', artful
 Ase, ashes
 Asteer, abroad, stirring
 Aught, eight, possession, as
 in a' my aught, in all my
 possession
 Auld, old
 Auld-farran, or auld-farrant,
 sagacious, cunning, prudent
 Ava, at all
 Awa, away
 Awfu', awful
 Awkart, awkward
 Awn, the beard of Barley,
 oats, &c.
 Awpie, bearded
 Ayont, beyond.

B

BA', ball
 Bad, did bid
 Bade, endured, did stay
 Baggie, the Belly
 Baith, both
 Bairn, a child
 Bairn-time, a brood, a family
 of children
 Bainie, having large bones, stout
 Baklins-comin, coming back,
 returning
 Bane, bone
 Bang, an effort
 Bardie, *diminutive* of bard
 Barefit, barefooted
 Barkin, barking
 Barkit, baked
 Barmie, of or like barm
 Bashfu', bashful
 Batch, a crew, a gang
 Batts, botts
 Baudious, a cat

Bauld, bold, *Bauldly*, boldly
 Bauk, a cross beam
 Baukin, the end of a beam
 Baws'nt, having a white stripe
 down the face
 Be, *to let be*, to give over, to
 cease
 Beattie, *dimin.* of beast
 Beet, to add fuel to fire
 Befu' to befall
 Behint, or behin', behind
 Belyve, by and by
 Belly-fu', bellyful
 Ben, into the *science* or parlour
 Benlomond, a noted mountain
 in Dunbartonshire
 Bethankit, the grace after meat
 Be't, be it
 Beuk, a book
 Bicker, a kind of wooden dish,
 a short race
 Biel, or bield, shelter
 Bien, wealthy, plentiful
 Big, to build, *Biggit*, builded
 Biggin, building a house
 Bill, a bull
 Billie, a brother, a young fel-
 low
 Bing, a heap of grain, pota-
 toes, &c.
 Birkie, a clever fellow
 Birring, the noise of partridges,
 &c. when they spring
 Bit, crisis, nick of time
 Bizz, to bustle, a buzz
 Blastie, a shriveled dwarf, a
 term of contempt
 Blastit, blasted
 Blate, bashful, sheepish
 Blather, the bladder
 Blaud, a flat piece of any
 thing; to slap
 Blaw, to blow, to boast
 Bleatin, bleating
 Bleezin, blazing
 Blessin, blessing

Blethe', to talk silly nonsense
Bleth'in, talking idly
Blink, a little while, a smiling
look, to look kindly, to shine
by fits

Blinker, a term of contempt

Blinkin, smirking

Blue gown, one of those beg-
gars who get annually on
the King's birth day, a blue
cloak or gown, with a badge.

Bluid, blood, *bluidy*, bloody

Blush, did blush

Blype, a shred, a large piece

Bock, to vomit, to gush inter-
mittently

Bocked, gush, vomited

Bodie, a small old coin, in va-
lue one-sixth of a penny

Bonie, handsome, beautiful

Bonilie, handsomely, beauti-
fully

Dornock, a kind of thick cake
of bread

Boord, a board

Boost, behoved, must needs

Boortie, the shrub elder, plan-
ted much of old in hedges
of barn-yards, &c.

Botch, an angry tumour

Bother, to pother

Bow-kail, cabbage

Bow't, bended, crooked

Brachens, fern

Brae, declivity, a precipice,
the slope of a hill

Braid, broad

Bralk, a kind of harrow

Braindge, to run rashly forward

Braindg't, reel'd forward

Brak, broke, made insolvent

Branks, a kind of wooden curb
for horses

Brash, a sudden illness

Brate, coarse clothes, rags

Brattle, a short race, hurry,
fury

Braw, fine, handsome

Brawly, very well, finely, hear-
tily

Brawnle, stout, brawny

Braxie, a morkin sheep, &c.

Breakin, breaking

Breathin, breathing

Breastie, *dimin.* of breast

Beastit, did spring up or for-
ward

Breef, an invulnerable, or irre-
sistible spell

Brecks, breeches

Biewin, brewing

Bie, juice, liquid

Biig, a bridge

Briskit, the breast, the bosom

Brither, a brother

Begue, a hum, a tick

Bloo, broth, liquid, water

Broose, a race at country wed-
dings who shall first reach
the bridegroom's house on
returning from Church

Brough, a borough

Buillzie, a broil, a combustion

Brunt, did burn

Brunstane, brimstone

Burst, to burst

Buckskin, an inhabitant of
(Virginia)

Buirdly, stout-made, broad-
built

Buire, did bear

Burn-clock, a humming-beetle
that flies in the Summer
evening

Bummie, to blunder

Bumming, humming as bees

Bumler, a blunderer

Burn, water, a rivulet

Burnewin, *i. e.* burn the wind,
a blacksmith

Bornie, *dimin.* of burn
 Buskit, dressed
 Bustle, bustle, to bustle
 But an' ben, the country kitchen an' parlour
 But, without
 Byre, a cow-stable
 By himsel, lunatic, distracted.

C

CA', to call, to name, to drive
 Ca't or ca'd, called, driven, calved
 Cadie or caddie, a young fellow who runs messages
 Cadger, a carrier
 Caff, chaff
 Caird, a tinker
 Cairn, a loose heap of stones
 Calf-ward, a small inclosure for calves
 Callan, a boy
 Caller, fresh, sound
 Cam, did come
 Canna, cannot
 Cannie, gentle, mild, dextrous
 Cannilie, dextrously, gently
 Cantharidian, made of cantharides
 Cantraip, a charm, a spell
 Cantie, chearful, merry
 Cape-stane, cope-stone, key-stone
 Caressin, caressing
 Carryin, carrying
 Careerin, chearfully
 Cartes, cards
 Carlin, a stout old woman
 Caudron, a caldron
 Caup, a wooden drinking vessel
 Cauld, cold
 Chanter, a part of a bagpipe

Chantin, chanting
 Chap, a person, a fellow, a blow
 Chearfu', chearful
 Cheep, a chirp; to chirp
 Checkit, checked
 Chiel or cheel, a young fellow
 Chimla or chimlie, a fire-grate
 Chimla-lug, the fireside
 Chittering, shivering, trembling
 Chow, to chew; *check for chew*, side by side
 Chokin, choking
 Chuffie, fat-faced
 Claife, or claes, cloaths
 Clash, an idle tale, the story of the day
 Claw, to scratch
 Clachan, a small village, a hamlet
 Clarkit, wrote
 Clap, clapper of a mill
 Claut, to clean; to scrape
 Clauted, scraped
 Clatter, to tell idle stories; an idle story
 Cleed, to clothe
 Cleith, cloth, *claiting*, cloathing
 Clinkin, jerking, clinking
 Clinkumbell, who rings the church bell
 Clips, sheers
 Clishmaclaver, idle conversation
 Clock, to hatch; a beetle
 Clockin, hatching
 Clour, a bump or swelling after a blow
 Clout, the hoof of a cow, sheep, &c.
 Clootie, an old name for the Devil
 Coaxin, wheedling
 Coble, a fishing boat
 Cog, a wooden dish
 Coggie, *dimin.* of cog

Colie, a general and sometimes a peculiar name for country cur dogs

Comin, coming

Comman, command

Cood, the cud

Cool, a blockhead, a ninny

Cookit, appeared and disappeared by fits

Coolt, did cast

Cootie, wooden kitchen dish; *also those fowls whose Legs are clad with feathers, are said to be cootie.*

Core, corps, party, clan

COILA, from Kyle, a district of Ayrshire, so called, faith tradition, from Coil, or Coilus, a Pictish monarch

Cotter, the inhabitant of a cottage or cottage

Cowe, to terrify, to keep under, to lop; a fight, a branch of furze, broom, &c.

Cowp, to barter, to tumble over; a fall, a gang

Cowpit, tumbled

Cowte, a colt

Cowrin, cowering

Couthie, kind, loving

Cove, a cavern

Cozie, snug, cozily, snugly

Crabit, crabbed, fretful

Crack, conversation; to converse

Crakin, conversing

Craft, or croft, a field near a house, *in old husbandry*

Crank, the noise of an ungreaed wheel

Crankous, fretful, captious!

Crambo-clink, or crambo-jingle, rhymes, doggerel verses

Cranreuch, the hoar frost

Crap, a crop, the top

Craw, a crow of a cock, a rook

Creel, a basket; *to have one's wits in a creel*; to be craz'd, to be fascinated

Creshie, greasy

Creepin, creeping

Cronie, crosy

Crood or croud, to coo as a dove

Croon, a hollow continued moan; to make a noise like the continued roar of a bull, to hum a tune

Crooning, humming

Crowlen, crawling

Crouchie, crook-backed

Crowdie time, breakfast time

Crouse, cheartful, courageous

Crouslly, cneatfully, courageously

Crushin, crushing, crusht, crushed

Crump, hard and brittle, *spoken of bread*

Crunt, a blow on the head with a cudgel

Cuif, a blockhead, a ninny

Cummeck, a short staff with a crooked head

Curler, a player on ice

Cushie, a courtesy

Curling, a well known game on ice

Curlic, curled, whose hair falls naturally in ringlets

Cormurring, murmuring; slight, rumbling noise

Curpin, the crupper

Cushat, the dove, or wood pigeon.

D

DAEDIE, a father

Daff, merry, giddy, foolish

Daffin, merriment, foolishness

- Dainty, pleasant, good humoured, agreeable
 Daimen, rare, now and then; *daimen-icker*, an ear of corn now and then,
 Dancin, dancing
 Dappl't, dappled
 Darg, a day's labour
 Darklin, darkling
 Daud, to thrash, to abuse
 Daur, to dare, *daurt*, dared
 Dawd, a large piece
 Dautit or dautet, fondled, caressed
 Dearies, *dimin.* of dears
 Dearthfu', dear
 Deave, to deafen
 Deil-ma-care! no matter! for all that!
 Deleeret, delirious
 Delvin, digging with a spade
 Descrive, to describe
 Deservin, deserving
 Devel, a stunning blow
 Dimpl't, dimpled
 Dight, to wipe, to clean corn from chaff; cleaned from chaff
 Ding, to worst, to push
 Dinna, do not
 Dirl, a slight tremulous stroke or pain
 Disrespeckit, disrespected
 Dizzen, a dozen
 Dizzie, giddy
 Doited, stupified
 Dolefu', doleful
 Dool, sorrow; *to sing dool*, to lament, to mourn
 Donse, unlucky
 Dorty, saucy, nice
 Douce, or doufe, sober, wise, prudent
 Doucely, soberly, prudently
 Dought, was, or were able
 Doure; stout, durable, stubborn, fullen
 Dow, am, or are able to, can
 Downa, am or are not able, cannot
 Dowie, worn with grief, fatigue, &c.
 Dowff, pithless, wanting force
 Drap, a drop; to drop
 Drapping, dropping
 Dreadfu', dreadful
 Dleep, to ooze, to drop
 Dreeping, oozing, dropping
 Drift, a drove
 Dribble, drizzling, flaver
 Drinkin, drinking
 Droddum, the breech
 Droop-rumpl't, that droops at the crupper
 Drouth, thirst, drought
 Drumlie, muddy
 Drunt, pet, four humour
 Drummock, meal and water mixed raw
 Druken, drunken
 Dryin, drying
 Dub, a small pond of water
 Duds, rags, clothes
 Duddie, ragged
 Duug, worsted, pushed, driven
 Dush, to push *as a ram*, &c.
 Dusht, push'd by a ram, ox, &c.

E

- E'E, the eye, *een*, the eyes
 Eerie, frighted, *dreading spirits*
 E'ening, evening,
 Eild, old age
 Elbuck, the elbow
 Eldritch, ghastly, frightful
 En', end
 ENBRUGH, EDINBURGH
 Eneugh, enough

Enslin, ensuing
 Especial, especially
 Eydent, diligent

F

F^A fall, lot ; to fall
 F^E Fae, a foe
 Fac't, faced
 Faem, foam
 Faddorn't, fathomed
 Fairin, a fairing, a present
 Faithfu', faithful
 Fallow, fellow
 Fand, did find
 Farl, a cake of bread
 Fareweel, farewell
 Fash, trouble, care ; to trou-
 ble, to care for
 Fash't, troubled
 Fatterels, ribbon ends, &c.
 Fasten-een, Fastens-Even
 Pauld, a fold, to fold
 Paulding, folding
 Faut, fault
 Pawfont, decent, seemly
 Feckfu', large, brawny, stout
 Feckless, puny, weak, silly
 Fear't, frighted
 Fearfu', frightful
 Feat, neat, spruce
 Peg, a fig
 Feide, feud, enemy
 Recht, to fight, *fechtin*, fight-
 ing
 Fell, keen, biting ; the flesh
 immediately under the skin ;
 a field pretty-level on the
 side or top of a hill
 Fend, to live comfortably
 Fellie or ferly, to wonder ; a
 wonder, a term of contempt
 Fetch, to pull by fits
 Fetch't, pulled intermittently

Fidge, to fidget
 Fidgin, fidgeting
 Fier, sound, healthy ; a bro-
 ther, a friend
 Fient, fiend, *a petty catb*
 Fistle, to make a rustling noise,
 to fidget ; a bustle
 Fit, a foot
 Fittie lan', the near horse of
 the hindmost pair in the
 plough
 Fizz, to make a hissing noise-
 like fermentation
 Flatte.in', flattering
 Flainen, flannel
 Fleeesh, a fleece
 Fleg, a kick, a random blow
 Flingin-tree, a piece of timber
 hung by way of partition be-
 tween two horses in a stable ;
 a flail
 Fleech, to supplicate in a flat-
 tering manner
 Fleechin, supplicating
 Flether, to decoy by fair
 words
 Fletherin, flattering
 Flichter, to flutter as young
 nestlings when their dam
 approaches
 Flichterin, fluttering
 Fley, to scare, to frighten
 Fley'd, flighted, scared
 Flink, to fret at the yoke
 Flinkit, fretted
 Flinders, shreds, broken pie-
 ces
 Flitter, to vibrate like the
 wings of small birds
 Flätering, fluttering, vibrat-
 ing
 Flunkie, a servant in livery
 Flyin, flying
 Foamin, foaming
 Forbears, forefathers

Foord, a ford
 Forby, besides
 Forsairn, distressed, worn out,
 jaded,
 Forgather, to meet, to en-
 counter with
 Forgie, to forgive
 Forjesket, jaded with fatigue
 Formin, forming
 Fou, full, drunk
 Fow, a bushel, &c.
 Foughten, troubled, harassed
 Fra, from
 Freath, froth
 Frien', friend
 Fud, the scut of the hare,
 coney, &c.
 Fuff, to blow intermittently
 Fuff't, did blow
 Fur, a furrow
 Furm, a form, bench
 Funnie, full of merriment
 Fysteen, fifteen
 Fyke, trifling cares; to pid-
 dle, to be in a fuss about
 trifles
 Fyle, to soil, to dirty
 Fyl't, soiled, dirtied

G

GA B, the mouth; to speak
 boldly or pently
 Gae, to go, *geed*, went; *geen*
 or gane, gone, *gaun*, going
 Gait, or gate, way, manner,
 road
 Gang, to go, to walk
 Gar, to make, to prove to
 Gar't forced to
 Garten, a garter
 Gash, wise, sagacious, talka-
 tive
 Gashin, conversing

Gatherin, gathering
 Gaucy, jolly, large
 Gear, riches, goods of any
 kind
 Geck, to toss the head in wan-
 tonness or scorn
 Ged, a pike
 Gentles, great folks
 Geordie, a guinea
 Get, a child, a young one
 Ghast, a ghost
 Gie, to give, *gied*, gave, *gie'n*,
 given
 Gillie, *dimin.* of gill
 Gimmer, a ewe, from one to
 two year's old
 Gin, if, against
 Gistie, *dimin.* of gift
 Gipsy, a young girl
 Girn, to grin, to twist the fea-
 tures in rage, agony, &c.
 Gizz, a periwig
 Glib-gabbet, that speaks
 smoothly and readily
 Gley, a squint; to squint,
 Agley, off at a side wing
 Glaizie, glittering, smooth like
 glass
 Glaikit, inattentive, foolish
 Gleg, sharp, ready
 Glint, to peep, *glinted*, peeped
 glintin, peeping
 Gloamin, the twilight
 Glowr, to stare, to look; a
 stare, a look
 Glowr'd, looked, stared
 Glowrin, staring
 Glunch, a frown; to frown
 Gowd, gold
 Gowan, the flower of the daisy
 dandelion, hawk weed, &c.
 Gowff, the game of golf;
 strike, *as the bat does the ball*
 at golf
 Gowff'd, struck

Cowk, a cuckoo, a term of contempt
 Cowl, to howl
 Cowling, howling
 Gracefu', graceful
 Grane or grain, a groan; to groan
 Grin'd, groaned
 Graining, groaning
 Graith, accoutrements, drefs, furniture
 Grape, to grope, *grapit*, groped
 Graip, a pronged instrument for cleaning stables
 Grannie, a grand mother
 Great, intimate, familiar
 Gracefu', grateful
 Gree, to agree, to bear the gree, to be decidedly victor
 Gree't, agreed
 Greet, to shed tears, to weep
 Greetin, crying, weeping
 Grievin, grieving
 Gippet, caught, seized
 Gristle, gristle
 Groat, to get the whistle of me's groat, to play a losing game
 Grozet, a gooseberry
 Grousome, loathsome, grim
 Grumphi, a sow
 Grumph, a grunt; to grunt
 Grun', ground at the mill
 Grunstone, a grindstone
 Gruphie, thick of growth
 Guatie, the phizz, a grunting noise
 Gude, the SUPREME BEING, good
 Guid, good, *guid-mornin*, good morrow, *guid-eeen*, good evening

Guidman, and *Guidwife*, the master and mistress of the house. *Yeung Guidman*, a man newly married
 Guidfather, Guidmither, father-in-law and mother-in-law
 Gully, or gullie, a large knife
 Gumlie, muddy
 Custie, tasteful

H

HA', hall
 Ha' Bible, the great bible that lies in the hall
 Hae, to have
 Haen, had, the participle
 Haet, *sient haet* a petty oath of negation, nothing
 Haffet, the temple, the side of the head
 Haffins, nearly half, partly
 Haggis, a kind of pudding boiled in the stomach of a cow or sheep
 Haz, a scar or gulph in mosses or moors
 Haith, a petty oath
 Hain, to spare, to save, *bain'd*, spared
 Haist, Harvest
 Hal', or hald, an abiding place
 Hale, whole, tight, healthy
 Halkan, a particular partition wall in a cottage
 Hame, home, *Hameward*, homeward
 Hamely, homely, affable
 Han', or haun, hand
 Hap, an outer garment, plaid, mantle, &c. to wrap, to cover

Hap-step-an'-lowp, hop, skip,
and leap

Happing, hopping

Happer, a hopper

Haskit, heakened

Hastit, hastened

Hast, a sot

Haud, to hold

Haughs, low-lying rich lands,
valleys

Haur, to drag, to peel

Haurlin, peeling

Haverel, a half-witted person

Havens, good manners, deco-
rum, good sense

Hawkie, a cow, properly one
with a white face

Hearse, hoarse

Heathe, heath

Heapit, heaped

Healsome, healthful, whole-
some

Hear't, hear it

Hech! Oh! Strange!

Hecht, to foretell something
that is to be got or given

Heeze, to elevate, to raise

Hellim, the rudder, or helm

Herd, one who tends flocks

Herin, hering

Herry, to plunder, most pro-
perly to plunder birds nests

Herryment, plundering, de-
vastation

Herfel, herself

Het, hot

Heugh, a craig, a coal pit

Himfel, himself

Hing, to hang

Hilch, to hobble, to halt

Hilchin, halting

Hirpil, to walk crazily, :o
creep, *birplin*, creeping

Hissel, so many cattle as one
person can attend them

Histie, dry, chapt, barren

Hitch, a loop, a knot

Hoddin, the motion of a sag
countryman riding on a cart
horse

Hog-score, a kind of distance
line, in curling, drawn across
the rink

Hog-shouter, a kind of horse
play, by jussling with shoul-
der; to jussle

Huel, outer skin or ease

Hoolie, slowly, leisurely

Hoord, a hoard, to hoard

Hoorder, hoarder

Horn, a spoon made of horn

Hornie, one of the many names
of the Devil

Host, or hoast, to cough;
hoasting, coughing

Hove, to heave, to swell

Hov'd, heaved, swelled

Houghmagardie, fornication

Howe, hollow, a hollow
dell

How back't, sunk in the back,
spoken of a horse, &c.

Howdie, a midwife

Howk, to dig, *bowkit*, digged,
bowkin, digging

Houfie, *dimin.* of house

Hoy, to urge, *Hoyt*, urged

Hoyse, a pull upwards

Hoyte, to amble crazily

Hurdies, the loins, the crup-
per

Hughoc, *dimin.* of Hugh

I

I, in
 ler-oe, a great grand
 child
 ker, an ear of corn
 or ilka, each, every
 willie, ill-natured, mali-
 cious, niggardly
 dentin, indenting
 gle, fire, fire-place
 gine, genius, ingenuity
 I shall or will
 her, other, one another

J.

JAD, jade; also a familiar
 term among country folks
 for a giddy young girl
 junk, to dally, to trifle
 junkin, trifling, dallying
 jump, a jerk of water; to jerk
 as agitated water
 jaw, coarse raillery; to pour
 out, to spout, to jerk, as
 water
 jilet, a jilt, a giddy girl
 jump, to jump; slender in the
 waist, handsome
 junk, to dodge, to turn a cor-
 ner; a sudden turning a cor-
 ner
 junkin, dodging
 junker, that turns quickly, a
 gay sprightly girl, a wag
 jinglin, jingling
 jirt, a jerk
 beleg, a kind of knife
 junkin, joking

Jouk, to stoop, to bow the
 head

Jow, to jow, a verb which in-
 cludes both the swinging
 motion and pealing sound of
 a large bell

Joyfu', joyful

Jundie, to juggle

Jumpit, did jump

Jumpin, jumping

K

KAE, a daw

Kail, coleworts, a kind
 of broth

Kailrunt, the stem of the cole-
 wort

Kain, fowls, &c. paid as rent
 by a farmer

Kebbuck, a cheese

Keek, a peep, to peep

Keepit, kept,

Kelpies, a sort of mischievous
 spirits, said to haunt fords
 and ferries at night, espe-
 cially in storms

Ken, to know, *kend ken't*,
 knew

Kennin, a small matter

Ket, a matted, hairy fleece of
 wool

Kilt, to truss up the cloaths

Kin, kind, kindred

King's-hood, a certain part of
 the entrails of an ox, &c.

Kimmer, a young girl, a gos-
 sip

Kirn, the harvest supper, as
 churn; to churn

Kitchen, any thing that eats
 with bread; to serve for
 soup, gravy, &c.

Kittle, to tickle; ticklish,
likely
Kittlin, a young cat
Kiut'e, to cuddle
Kiutlin, cuddling
Kiaugh, carking anxiety
Ki sen, to christen
Kist, chest, a shop-counter
Knaggie, like *knags* or points
of rocks
Knappin-hammer, a hammer
for breaking stones
Knowe, a small round hil-
lock
Kye, cows
Kythe, to discover, to shew one's
self
KYLE, a district of Ayrshire
Kyte, the belly

L.

LADDIE, *dimin.* of lad
Laggen, the angle be-
tween the side and bottom
of a wooden dish
Laigh, low
Laith, leath
Laithfu', bawful, sheepish
Lairing, wading and sinking,
in snow, mud, &c.
Lallan, Lowland, *Lallan*,
Scotch dialect
Lambie, *dimin.* of lamb
Lampit, a kind of shell-fish
Lan', land, estate
Lane, lone, *my lane, thy lane*,
&c. myself alone, &c. thy
self alone, &c.
Lanely, lonely
Lang, long, *to think lang*, to
long, to weary
Lap, did leap

Lapfu', lapful
Lave, the rest, the remainder
the others
Laverock, the lark
Laughin, laughing
Lawfu', lawful
Leal, loyal, true, faithful
Lea'e, to leave
Lear, *pronounce* lare, learn-
ing
Lec-lang, live-long
Leeze me, a phrase of co-
gratulatory endearment
Leister, a three-pronged dart
for striking fish
Leugh, did laugh
Leuk, a look, to look
Lightly, sneeringly, to sneer
Limmer, a kept mistress, a
strumpet
Limpit, limp'd, hobbled
Lift, the sky
Lilt, a ballad, a tune; to fit
Link, to trip along
Linkin, tripping
Linn, a water-fall
Lint, flax, *lint in the bell*, flax
in flower
Lintwhite, a linnet
Livin, living
Loan, the place of milking
Loof, the palm of the hand
Looves, *plural of loof*
Lowe, a flame; to flame
Lowin, flaming
Lowse, to loose
Lows'd, loosed
Loot, did let
Loun, a fellow, a ragamuffin
a woman of easy virtue
Lowsie, *abbreviation of Low-
fence*
Lug, the ear; a handle

Lant, a column of smoke; to
smoke
Lantin, smoking
Lanch, a large piece of cheese,
flesh, &c.
Lam, the chimney
Lart, of a mixed colour,
grey

M

MA E, more
Mair, more
Maist, most, almost
Maistly, mostly
Mak, to make, *makin*, mak-
ing
Maillie, Molly
Mang, among
Mantele, a mantle
Mar's year, the rebellion A. D.
1715
Mark, marks, *this and seve-
ral other nouns, which in
English require an s to form
the plural, are in Scotch like
the words sheep, deer, the
same in both numbers*
Mark, to mash, as malt, &c.
Makin-pat, a tea pot
Mashlum, messin, mixed corn
Maukin, a hare
Maun, must
Mavis, the thrush
Maw, to mow, *marwin*, mow-
ing
Meere, a mare
Mell, to meddle
Melancholius, mournful
Melvie, to soil with meal
Men, to mend
Mense, good manners, deco-
rum
Menfelets, ill-bred, rude, im-
pudent

Messin, a small dog
Middin, a dunghill
Middin-hole, a gutter at the
bottom of the dunghill
Mim, prim, affectedly meek
Mindfu', mindful
Min', mind, remembrance
Mind't, mind it, resolved, in-
tending
Minnie, mother, dam
Misteuk, mistook
Misca', to abuse, to call
names
Misca'd, abused
Mislear'd, mischievous, un-
mannerly
Mither, a mother
Mixtie-maxtie, confusedly
mixed
Moistify, to moisten
Mony, or monie, many
Moop, to nibble as a sheep
Moorlan, of or belonging to
moors
Morn, the next day, to-mor-
row
Mottie, full of motea
Moudiewort, a mole
Mourafu', mournful
Mou', the mouth
Moufie, *dimin.* of mouse
Muckle, or meikle, great, big,
much
Mullin-kail, broth composed
simply of water, shelled bar-
ley and greens
Musie, *dimin.* of muse
Mutchkin, an English pint
Myfel, myself

N

NA, no, not, nor
Nae, no, not any

Naig, a horse
 Nafe, none
 Naething, or naithing, nothing
 Necbor, a neighbour
 Needfu', needful
 Negleckit, neglected
 Neuk, nook
 Nienst, next
 Nieve, the fist
 Niesu', handful
 Niffer, an exchange; to exchange, to barter
 Niger, a negro
 Nine tail'd cat, a hangman's cat
 Nit, a nut
 Norland, of or belonging to the North
 Nor-west, North-west
 Notic't, noticed
 Noteless, unnoticed, unknown
 Nowte, black cattle

O

O, Of
 Observin, observing
 Ony, or onie, any
 Or, is *often used for ere, before*
 O't, of it
 Ourie, shivering, drooping
 Oursel, or oursels, ourselves
 Outler, not housed
 Owre, over, too
 Owre hip, a way of fetching a blow with a hammer over the arm.

P

PACK, intimate, familiar; twelve stones of wool
 Painch, paunch
 Pairrick, a partridge

Parg, to crem
 Parritch, oatmeal pudding, a well known Scotch dish
 Parliamentin, at parliament
 Pat, did put; a pot
 Pattle, or pettle, a plough-staff
 Paukie, cunning, sly
 Paughty, proud, haughty
 Pay't, paid, beat
 Pech, to fetch the breath short, *as in an asthma*,
 Pechan, the crop, the stomach
 Peelin, peeling
 Pensivelie, pensively
 Pet, a domesticated sheep, &c.
 Pettie, to cherish; a plough-staff
 Phraise, fair speeches, flattery, to flatter
 Phraisin, flattery
 Pickle, a small quantity
 Pine, pain, uneasiness
 Pit, to put
 Plack, an old Scotch coin
 Plackless, pennyless
 Placad, a public proclamation
 Platie, *dimin.* of plate
 Plew, or plengh, a plow
 Pliskie, a trick
 Plumpit, did plump
 Poortith, poverty
 Pou, to pull
 Pou't, did pull
 Poussie, a hare, or cat
 Pouk, to pluck
 Powther, or pouthier, powder
 Pouthery, like powder
 Pout, a poult, a chicken
 Pow, the head, the skull
 Pownie, a little horse
 Prayin, praying
 Pridefu', proud, saucy
 Preen, a pin

Pie, to taste
 Pled, tasted
 Prent, print
 Prief, proof
 Prig, to cheapen, to dispute
 Piggins, cheapening
 Plainie, demure, precise
 Propone, to lay down, to propose
 Proveses, provests
 Pryin, prying
 Pund, pound, pounds
 Puddin, pudding
 Pyle, a pyle o' *caff*, a single grain of chaff

Q

QUAT, to quit
 Quak, to quake
 Quakin, quaking
 Quey, a cow from one year to two years old

R

RAGWEED, the plant-wort
 Rable, to rattle nonsense
 Rair, to roar, *rair't*, roared; *rairing*, roaring
 Raize, to madden, to inflame
 Ram-feezi'd, fatigued, over-spent
 Ramblin, rambling
 Ram-*nam*, so ward, thoughtless
 Rantin, ranting
 Rarely, excellent, very well
 Rast, a rush, *rasb-buss*, a bush of rushes
 Ratton, a rat
 Raacle, rash, stout, fearless

Raught, reached
 Raw, a row
 Rax, to stretch
 Ream, cream
 Reave, to rob
 Rede, counsel; to counsel
 Red-wud, stark-mad
 Reck, to heed
 Receivin, receiving
 Ree, half drunk, fuddled
 Reek, smoke; to smoke, *reekin*, smoking, *reekit*, smoked, smoky
 Reelt, to stand re-live
 Reeslit, stood restive, stunted, withered
 Rest, torn, ragged
 Refus't, refuse it
 Remakin, remaking
 Remead, remedy
 Requit, requital
 Restricketed, restricted
 Ridin, riding
 Rig, a ridge
 Rin, to run, to melt; *rinnin* running
 Rink, the course of the stones, *a term in curling*
 Rip, a handful of unthreshed corn, &c.
 Riskit, made a noise like the tearing of roots
 Roamin, roaming
 Rood, *stands likewise for the plural roods*
 Roon, a shred, a remnant
 Roose, to praise, to commend
 Roun', round, in the circle of neighbourhood
 Roupet, horse, *as wi' h. a cold*
 Rowte, to low, to bellow
 Rowtin, lowing
 Rowth, plenty
 Rowe, to roll, to wrap
 Row't, rolled, wrapped

Rozet, rozen
 Rhyming, rhyming
 Rung, a cudgel
 Runkl'd, wrinkled
 Rustlin, rustling
 Runt, the stem of colewort or
 cabbage.

S

'S, Is
 Sae, so
 Sait, soft
 Sair, to serve; fore
 Sairly or fairlie, sorely
 Saint, served
 Sang, a song
 Sark, a shirt
 Sarkit, provided in shirts
 Saugh, the willow
 Saul, soul
 Saunt, a saint
 Saumont, salmon
 Saut, salt, *sauted*, salted
 Saw, to sow
 Sawin, sowing
 Sax, fix
 Scar, to scare
 Scauld, to scold, *scaulding*,
 scolding
 Scawl, a scold
 Scauld, to scauld
 Scaur, apt to be scared
 Scone, a kind of bread
 Scornfu', scornful
 Sconner, a loathing; to loathe
 Scaich, to scream as a hen,
partridge, &c.
 Scaichin, screaming
 Screechin, screeching
 Screed, to tear; a rent
 Scrieve, to glide swiftly along
 Scrieven, gleesomely, swiftly
 Scrimp, to scant, *scrimpet*, did
 scrimp, scanty
 Seed, did see
 Seezin, seizing

Sel, self, a body's *sel*, one's
 self alone
 Sell't, did sell
 Sen', to send, *sen't*, send it
 Seivan', servant
 Sers *sets off*, goes away
 Settlin, settling, to get a *settlin*,
 to be frighted into quietness
 Shaird, a shred, shard,
 Shangan, a stick cleft at one
 end for putting the tail of a
 dog, &c. into, by way of
 mischief, or to frighten him
 away
 Shaver, a humorous wag, a
 barber
 Shaw, to show, a small wood
 in a hollow place
 Sheen, bright shining
 Sheep-shank, to *think one's self*
nae sheep shank, to be con-
 ceited
 Sherra-moor, Sherriff-moor,
the famous battle fought in the
Rebellion, A. D. 1715.
 Sheugh, a ditch, a trench
 Shill, shrill
 Shog, a shock
 Shool, a shovel
 Shoon, shoes
 Shootin, shooting
 Shore, to offer, to threaten
 Shor'd, offered
 Shouter, the shoulder
 Sic, such
 Sicker, sure, ready
 Sidelins, sidelong, slanting
 Siller, silver, money
 Simmer, Summer
 Sin', since
 Sin, a son
 Sinfu', sinful
 Sinkin', sinking
 Sittin, sitting
 Skaith, to damage, to injure,
 injury

help, to strike, to slap; to
 walk with a smart tripping
 step; a smart stroke
 helpe-limmer, a technical
 term in female scolding
 helpin, slapping, walking
 smartly
 heigh, proud, nice, high-
 mettled
 hirl, to shriek, to cry shrilly
 hirl't, shrieked
 hirling, shrieking, crying
 hlant, slant; to run aslant,
 to deviate from truth
 hleated, ran, or hit in an
 oblique direction
 hleatin, slanting
 hliegh, a scream; to scream
 hude, did slide
 hie, shoe
 hup, a gate, a breach in a fence
 huv, slow
 hie, fly, fleeft, flyest
 hiekit, seek
 hiebery, slippery
 hiepe, to fall over as a wet sur-
 row, from the plough
 hiepet, tell
 hiepe, small
 hieddurn, dust, powder, met-
 tie, sense
 hieidy, smithy
 hieoor, to smother, *smoor'd*
 hieothered
 hieoutie, smutty, obscene, ugly
 hieptrie, a numerous collection
 of small individuals
 hieuth, abuse, Billingsgate
 hiew, snow, to snow
 hiewie, snowy
 hiew-broo, melted snow
 hiew, to lop, to cut off
 hiew, bitter, biting
 hiewchin, snuff, *snuffbin-mill*,
 snuff-box

Snick, the latchet of a door
 Snick-drawing, trick-contriv-
 ing
 Snool, one whose spirit is bro-
 ken with oppressive slavery;
 to submit tamely, to sneak
 Snoove, to go smoothly and
 constantly, to sneak
 Snoov't, went smoothly
 Snowk, to scent or snuff, *as a*
dog borse, &c.
 Snowkit, scented, snuffed
 Soddin, foddling
 Sonfie, having sweet engaging
 looks; lucky, jolly
 Soom, to swim
 Sootie, sooty
 Sooth, truth, a petty oath
 Souple, flexible, swift
 Souter, a shoemaker
 Sowther, solder; to solder;
 to cement
 Sowp, a spoonful; a small
 quantity of any thing liquid
 Sowth, to try over a tune
 with a low whistle
 Spae, to prophesy, to divine,
 Spak, did speak
 Spunkie, mettlesome, fiery;
 will o' wisp or *ignis fatuus*
 Spairge, to dash, to soil *as*
with mire
 Sparin, sparing
 Spaviet, having the spavin
 Spaul, a limb
 Speakin, speaking
 Speat, a sweeping torrent after
 rain or thaw
 Speek, to climb
 Spence, the country parlour
 Spier, to ask, to enquire
 Spier't, enquired
 Spitefu', spiteful
 Splatter, a splutter; to splutter
 Spieuchan, a tobacco pouch

- Splore, a frolic, a riot, a noise
 Sportin, sporting
 Sprattle, to scramble
 Speckl'd, spotted, speckled
 Spring, a quick air in music,
 a Scotch reel
 Sprit, a tough rooted plant
 something like rushes
 Sprittie, full of sprits
 Springin, springing
 Spunk, fire, mettle, wit
 Squad, a crew, a party
 Squatter, to flutter in water
 as a wild duck, &c.
 Squattle, to sprawl
 Squeel, a scream, a screech,
 to scream
 Stacher, to stagger
 Stack, a tick of corn, hay, &c.
 Staggy, *dimin.* of stag
 Stan', to stand; *stan't* did
 stand
 Stane, a stone
 Startle, to run as cattle *stung* by
 the gadfly
 Starvin, starving
 Startin, starting
 Stank, a pool of standing wa-
 ter.
 Stark, stout
 Staw, did steal; to surfeit
 Staumrel, half-witted
 Stap, to stop
 Stampin, stamping
 Stech, to cram the belly
 Stechin, cramming
 Stell, a still
 Sten, to rear as an horse
 Sten't, reared
 Stey, steep, *steyest*, *steepest*
 Steer, to molest, to stir
 Stents, tribute, dues of any
 kind
 Steek, to shut; a stitch
 Steeve, firm, compacted
 Stibble, stubble, *stibble* rig, the
 reaper, in harvest, who
 takes the lead
 Stick an slow, totally, alto-
 gether
 Stilt, a crutch; to halt, to
 limp
 Stimpert, the eighth part of a
 Winchester bushel
 Stink, a cow, or bullock a year
 old
 Stockin, stocking
 Stock, a plant of colewort,
 cabbage, &c.
 Stoor, sounding hollow, strong
 and hoarse
 Stot, an ox
 Stoup, or stowp, a kind of jug
 or dish with a handle
 Stown, stolen
 Stownlins, by stealth
 Strapin, tall and handsome
 Striddle, to straddle
 Stroan, to spout, to piss
 Stroan't, spouted, pissed
 Strewin, strewing
 Stroe, straw, *to die a fair stroe*
 death, to die in bed
 Strack, did strike
 Streek, stretched, to stretch,
 streakit, stretched
 Stoure, dust, *more particularly*
 dust in motion
 Straught, freight
 Stringin, stringing
 Straik, to stroke, *streakit*,
 stroked
 Strunt, spirituous liquor of any
 kind; to walk sturdily
 Stuff, corn, or pulse of any
 kind
 Stumpie, *dimin.* of stump
 Studdie,, an-anvil
 Sturt, trouble; to molest
 Sturtin, frightened
 Sucker, sugar
 Sud, should

Sagb, the continual rushing
noise of wind or water
Suthron, Southern, an old
name for the English nation
Swaird, sword
Swall'd, swelled
Swap, an exchange; to barter
Swat, did sweat
Swank, stately, jolly
Swankie, or swanker, a tight
strapping young fellow or
girl
Swatch, a sample
Swerv'n, swerving
Sweer, lazy, averse, *dead-*
sweer, extremely averse
Sweatin, sweating
Swinge, to beat, to whip
Swingein, beating, whipping
Swirl, a curve, an eddying
blast or pool, a knot in
wood.
Swirlie, knaggy, full of knots
Swither, to hesitate in choice;
an irresolute wavering in
choice
Switch! get away!
Swoor, swore, did swear
Syne, since, ago, then

T

TAE, 'a toe, *three tae'd*,
having three prongs
Tak, to take, *taken*, taking
Talkin, talking
Tangle, a sea-weed
Tap, the top
Tapeless, heedless, foolish
Tapsalteerie, topsy-turvy
Tarrybecks, a sailor
Tarrow, to murmur at one's
allowance
Tarrow't, murmured
Tauld, or tald, told
Taupie, a foolish, thoughtless
young person

Tauted, or tautie, matted
together, *spoken of hair or*
wool
Tawie, that allows itself peace-
ably to be handled, *spoken*
of a horse, cow, &c.
Teat, small quantity
Tearfu*, tearful
Tent, a field pulpit, heed,
caution; to take heed
Tentie, heedful, cautious
Tentless, heedless
Ten hours bite, a slight feed to
the horses, while in the yoke
in the forenoon
Tough, tough, *toughly*, toughly
Thack, thatch, *thack an' rape*,
cloathing, necessities
Thae, these
Thankit, thanked
Thankfu*, thankful
Thairms, small guts, fiddle-
strings
Thegither, together
Themsel, the nselves
Thick, intimate, familiar
Thieveless, cold, dry, spited,
spoken of a person's demeanour
Thinkin, thinking
Thir, these
Thirl, to thrill
Thirl'd, thrilled, vibrated
Thole, to suffer, to endure
Thowe, a thaw; to thaw
Thouless, slack, lazy
Thrang, throng, a crowd
Thraw, to sprain, to twist
to contradict
Thrawn, sprained, twisted,
contradicted
Thrawin, twitting, &c.
Threap, to maintain by dint of
affection
Threshin, thrashing
Threteen, thirteen
Thrisle, thistle

Through, to go on with, to make out
 Throuther, pe!smell, confusedly
 Thud, to make a loud, intermittent noise
 Thumpin, thumping
 Thumpit, thumped
 Thyself, thyself
 Till't, to it
 Tine, to loose, *tint*, lost
 Timmer, timber, *Timmer-propt*, propped with timber
 Tinkler, a tinker
 Tip, a ram
 Tirl, to make a slight noise, to uncover
 Tirlin, uncovering
 Tippence, two-pence
 Tuttle, to whisper
 Tutling, whispering
 Tither, the other
 Tocher, a marriage portion
 Tod, a fox
 Toddle, to totter like the walk of a child
 Toddlin, tottering
 Toom, empty
 Toop, a ram
 Tout, the blast of a horn or trumpet; to blow a horn, &c.
 Toun, a hamlet, a farm-house
 Tow, a rope
 Towmond, a twelvemonth
 Towzie, rough, shaggy
 Toy, a very old fashion of female head-dress
 Toyte, to totter like old age
 Transmugrify'd, transmigrated, metamorphosed
 Thrashie, trash
 Trickie, full of tricks
 Trig, spruce, neat
 Trimly, excellently
 Trottin, trotting

Trow, to believe
 Trowh, truth, a petty oath
 Tryin, trying
 Try't, tried
 Tug, raw hide, *of which in old times, plough traces were frequently made*
 Tulzie, a quarrel; to quarrel, to fight
 Tunefu', tuneful
 Twa, two
 Twa-three, a few
 Twad, it would
 Twal, twelve, *Twalpennie-worth*, a small quantity, a penny-worth
 Twin, to part
 Tyke, a dog

U

UNCARING, disregarding
 Unco, news
 Unco, strange, uncouth, very great, prodigious
 Undoin, undoing
 Unkenn'd, unknown
 Unskait'h'd, undamaged, unhurt
 Upo', upon

V

VAP'RIN, vapouring
 Vera, very
 Viri, a ring round a column, &c.

W

W A', wall, *Wa's*, walls
 Wabster, a weaver
 Wad, would, to bet, a bet, a pledge

Wadna, would not
 Wae, woe; sorrowful
 Wae'fu', woeful
 Wae'sucks! or wae's me! alas!
 O the pity!

Walt, the woof
 Wailie, ample, large, jolly;
 also an intjection of distress

Wailfu', wailing

Wair, to lay out, to expend

Waie, choice; to chuse

Wal'd, chose, chosen

Wame, the belly, *Wamefou'*,
 a bellyfull

Wanchancie, unlucky

Wanrellfu', restless

Warl, warld, world

Warily, worldly, eager on
 amassing wealth

Waik, work

Wark lunc, a tool to work
 with

Warst, worst

Warran, a warrant; to warrant

Warlock, a wizzard

Warstl'd, or warstl'd, wrestled

Wat, wet; *I wat*, I wot, I know

Water-brose, *brose* made of
 meal and water simply without
 the addition of milk,
 butter, &c.

Wattle, a twig, a wand

Waudle, to swing, to reel

Waukit, thickened, as fullers
do cloth

Waur, worse; to worst

Waur't, worsted

Wauken, to awake

Waltrie, prodigality

Wearie, or weary, *monie a*
wearie body, many a different
 person

Weafon, weafand

Wee, little, *Wee-things*, little
 ones, *Wee-bit*, a small matter.

Weel, well, *Weelfare*, wellfare

Wean, or weannie, a child

We'se, we shall

Weet, rain, wetness

Wha, who

Whalpit, whelped

Whang, a leathern string, a
 piece of cheese, bread, &c.
 to give the strappado

Whare, where, *Whare'er*,
 wherever

Whase, whose

Whatreck; nevertheless

Whaizle, to wheeze

Wheep, to fly nimbly, to jerk,
penny wheep, small beer

Whid, the motion of a hare
 running but not frightened, a
 lie

Whiddin, running as a hare or
 conie

Whigmeleeries, whims, fancies,
 crotchets

Whisk, to sweep, to lash

Whiskit, lashed

Whisht! silence! *to hold one's*
whisht, to be silent

Whirligigims, useless ornaments,
 trifling appendages

Whistles, a whistle; to whistle

Whitter, a hearty draught of
 liquor

Whun-stane, a whin-stone

Whyles, whiles, sometimes

Wi', with

Wick, to strike a stone in an
 oblique direction, *a term in*
curling

Wiel, a small whirlpool

Wimple, to meander

Wimpl't, meandered

Wimplin, waving, meandering

Win', wind, *Win's*, winds
 Win', to wind, to winnow.
 Win't, winded, *as a bottom of yarn*
 Winna, will not
 Winkin, winking
 Winnock, a window
 Wintle, a staggering motion;
 to stagger, to reel
 Winzie, an oath
 Withcuten, without
 Wiffe, *a diminutive or endearing term for wife*
 Winsome, gay, hearty, vaunted
 Wife, to wish
 Wizen'd, hide-bound, dried,
 shrunk
 Wonner, a wonder, a contemptuous appellation
 Wonderfu', wonderful, wonderfully
 Woo, wool
 Woos-bab, the garter knotted below the knee with a couple of loops
 Worset, worsted
 Wordy, wo thy
 Wrack, to tease, to vex
 W'ang, wrong; to wrong
 Wreeth, a drifted heap of snow
 Wraith, a spirit, a ghost; an apparition exactly like a liv-

ing person, whose appearance is said to forebode the person's approaching death
 Wud, mad, distracted
 Wumble, a wimble
 Wyre, blame, to blame
 Wylicbat, a flannel vest

Y

YE, this pronoun is frequently used for *Thou*
 Year, *is used for both sing. and plur. years*
 Yealings, born in the same year, coevals
 Yell, barren, that gives no milk
 Yerk, to lash, to jerk
 Yerkit, jerked, lashed
 Yestreen, yesternight
 Yill, ale
 Yird, earth
 You sel, yourself
 Yont, beyond
 Youthfu', youthful
 Yokin, yoking, a bout
 Yowe, a ewe
 Yowie, *dimin. of yowe*
 Yule, Christmas.